THE BEAUTY.

A

NEW COLLECTION

OF

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC,

FOR

USE OF SCHOOLS AND CONVENTIONS.

BY

J. H. ROSECRANS & J. H. REEEM.

BAXTER UNIVERSITY OF MUSIC,

PUBLISHED BY J. C. CRANDALL,

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.

S. H. Paul

Book

December 18 1877

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PREFACE.

To write a long PREFACE is a waste of time. To print it a useless expense; as all will judge a book by its merits, rather than by what the Authors may say of it. We therefore commit THE BEAUTY to a generous public, with the hope that all who use it may find it useful as well as beautiful.

Respectfully,

JULY, 1874. THE AUTHORS

A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

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SYNOPSIS OF CHARACTERS AND THEIR MEANING.

Whole Note. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Thirty-second.

Whole Rest. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Thirty-second.

Notes are characters to represent tones. Rests indicate silence.

Dotted Whole Note. Dotted Half. Dotted Quarter. Dotted Eighth.

Dotted Whole Rest. Dotted Half. Dotted Quarter. Dotted Eighth.

The dot after a note or rest increases the value one half.

Double Dotted Half Note. Double Dotted Quarter,

Double Dotted Half Rest. Double Dotted Quarter.

The second dot increases the value one half of the first dot.

Highness and lowness of tone is called Pitch, represented by notes written one above the other:

To get the correct pitch, lines and spaces are used, called the Staff.

A curved line written over or under two or more notes is called a Tie or Slur.

Perpendicular lines upon the Staff are called Bars.

A thick bar is called a Double Bar, and shows the end of a line of words.

Two double bars is called a Close, and shows the end of a tune.

The Clefs determine the names of the lines, and spaces of the staff, and indicate absolute pitch, and also indicate the different parts as Base, Tenor, Alto and Treble. They are the F, or Bass Clef C or Tenor and G or Treble.

D. C. is an abbreviation of the Italian words Da Capo, which means begin again, and end at the word Fine. Fine means the end.

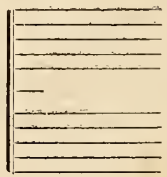
D. S. is an abbreviation of the Italian words Dal Segno, which means return to the Sign (𝄋), and end at the word Fine.

Dots are a sign of repeat, and mean that the passage must be sung

twice. The Sharp (♯), Flat (♭), Double Sharp (×), Double Flat (♭♭), and Natural (♮) are used at the beginning of a tune to indicate different keys, and modify the staff so as to conform to the scale. When used in a tune they introduce what is called an Accidental, or else lead to a new key. This is called Modulation—going from one key into another

A Pause (𝄐) written over a note indicates that the tone may be prolonged, when written over a rest indicates a longer silence, when written over a double bar it fills the office of a rest, or indicates the close of a tune.

A thick bar connecting the Staffs is called a Brace:



A figure (3) placed over or under three notes is called a Triplet and means three in the time of two.

The upper figure at the commencement of a tune indicates the kind of measure. The figure two (2) indicate a measure of two parts, called Two Part Measure. The figure three (3) a measure of three parts, called Three Part Measure. The figure four (4) a measure of four parts, called Four Part Measure. The figure six (6) a measure of six parts, called Six Part Measure. The figure nine (9) is a measure of nine parts, called Nine Part Measure. The figure twelve (12) a measure of twelve parts, called Twelve Part Measure. Two motions of the hand are made for the Two Part Measure—Down, Up—one part to each motion.

Three motions for the Three Part Measure—Down, Left, Up—one part to each motion. Four motions for the Four Part Measure—Down, Left, Right, Up—one part to each motion. Two motions for the Six Part Measure—Down, Up—three parts to each motion. Three motions for the Nine Part Measure—Down, Left, Up—three parts to each motion. Four motions for the Twelve Part Measure—Down, Left, Right, Up—three parts to each motion.

The lower figure at the commencement of a tune indicates the kind of note that represents a part. If the lower figure is two (2), a half note represents a part; if the figure is four (4), a quarter note represents a part; if the figure is eight (8), an eighth note represents a part.

When Minor Seconds come between three and four, and seven and eight, and Major Seconds occur between all the other tones, that order of tones is called the Major or Diatonic Scale. When all the intermediate tones are represented, it is called the Chromatic Scale. Take six of the Major Scale and call it one, and make an Extended Second between Six and Seven, that order of tones is called the Minor Scale. Commencing a tone in the middle of one part and end in the middle of the next is called Syncopation or a Syncope.

Adagio,—Very slow.
Largo,—Slow.
Andante,—Rather slow.
Moderato,—Medium.
Allegretto,—Rather quick.
Allegro,—Quick.
Presto,—Very quick.
Ad Libitum,—At pleasure.
A Tempo,—In Time.
Accelerando,—Faster and faster.
Ritardando,—Slower and slower.
Poco a poco,—By degrees.
Pianissimo, *pp*,—Very soft.
Piano, *p*,—Soft.
Mezzo, *m*,—Medium power.
Forte, *f*,—Loud.
Fortissimo, *ff*,—Very loud,
Crescendo, *Cres.* <—Gradually increase the power.
Diminuendo, *Dim.* >—Gradually diminish the power.
Swell, <>—Gradually increase and diminish.
Legato,—Smooth and connected.
Staccato, ! ! !—Short.
Semi-Staccato, • • •—Less short than Staccato.
Animato,—Spirited.
Dolce,—Sweetly.
Con Espressione.—With feeling.
Maestoso,—Majestic.
Con Fuoco,—With fire.

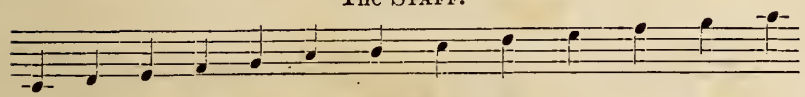
RUDIMENTAL CLASS STUDIES.

CHAPTER I.

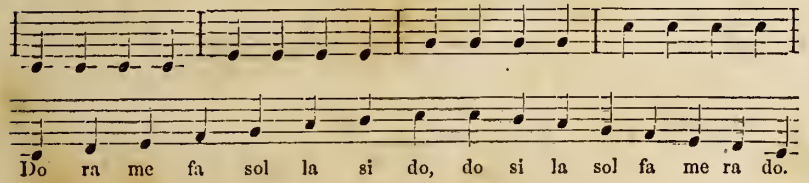
TONES AND NOTES.

PITCH. SYLLABLES. TIME.

The STAFF.

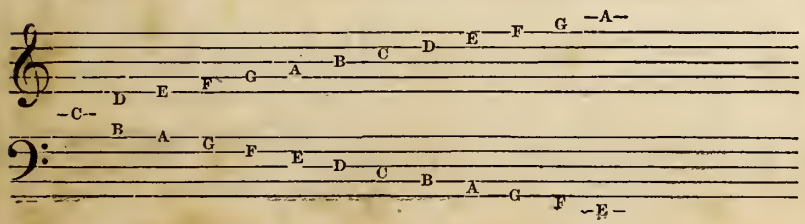


The use of BARS and MEASURE



CHAPTER II.

The use of CLEFS, and give the Letter names of the lines and spaces.



Practice the following exercises:

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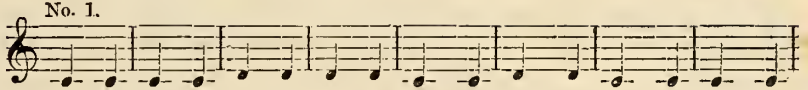

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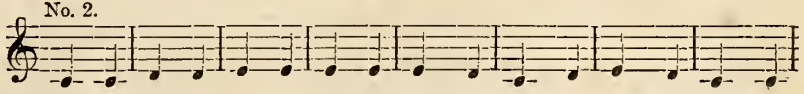

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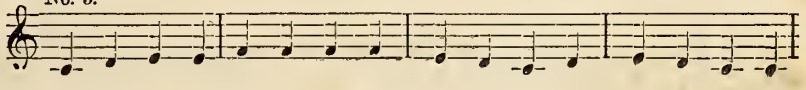

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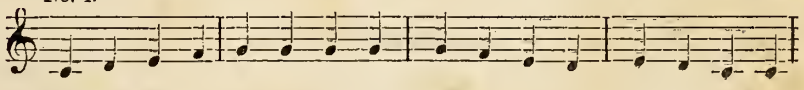

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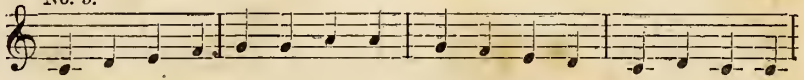

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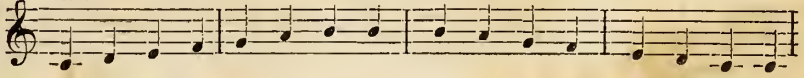

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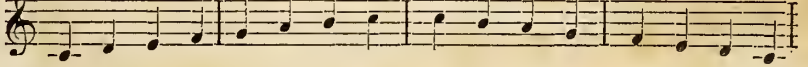

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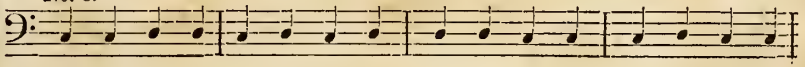

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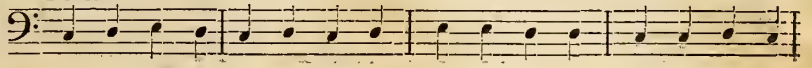


No. 10.

No. 11.

No. 12.

No. 13.

No. 14.

CHAPTER III.

Exercises for the practice of skips.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 8.

No. 9.

No. 10.

No. 11.

No. 12.

CHAPTER IV.

The Tie, the Double Bar, and the Close.

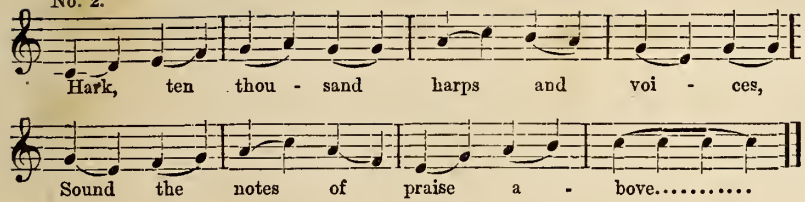
No. 1.

Smil - ing May, comes in play, Mak-ing all things fresh and gay,

From the hall, come ye all; Thus the flowers call.....

The Slur.

No. 2.



CHAPTER V.

The Whole Notes, Half Notes, and the Quarter Notes.

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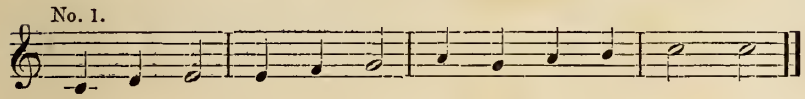

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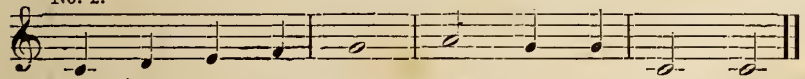

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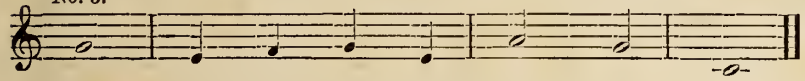

The Whole Rest, Half Rest, and Quarter Rest.

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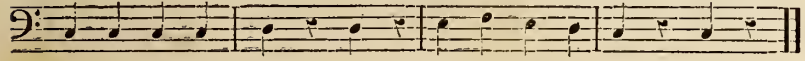

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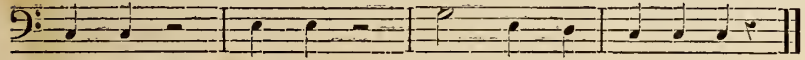

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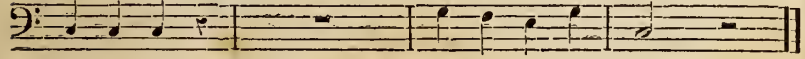
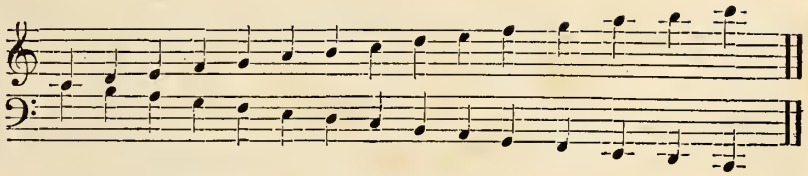
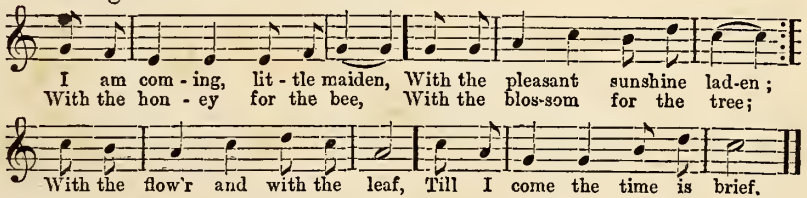


CHAPTER VI.

The Scale and the Octave.



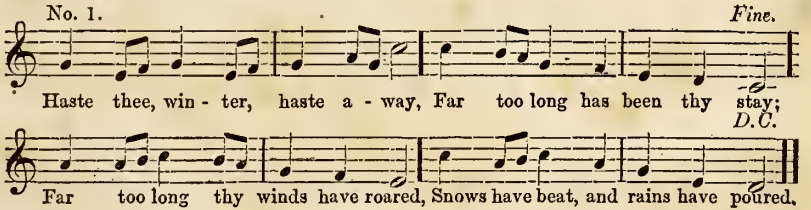
The Eighth Note and the Repeat.



CHAPTER VII.

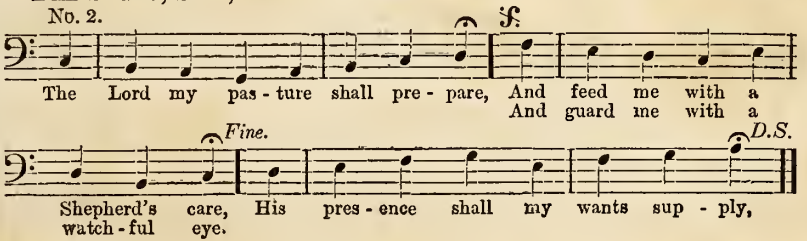
Da Capo and Fine.

No. 1.



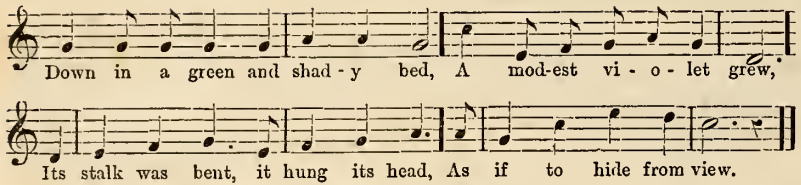
Dal Segno, Sign, and the Pause.

No. 2.



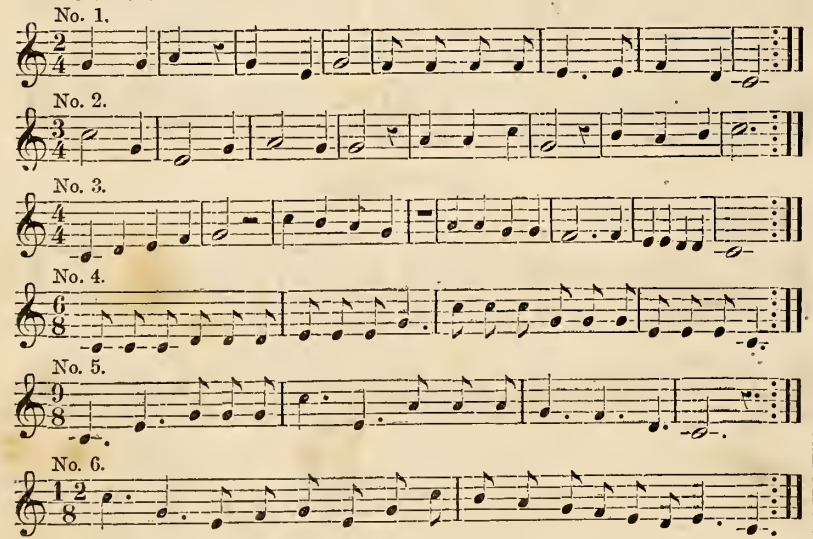
CHAPTER VIII.

Dotted Notes.



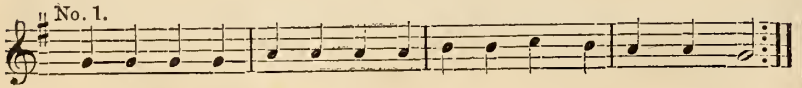
CHAPTER IX.

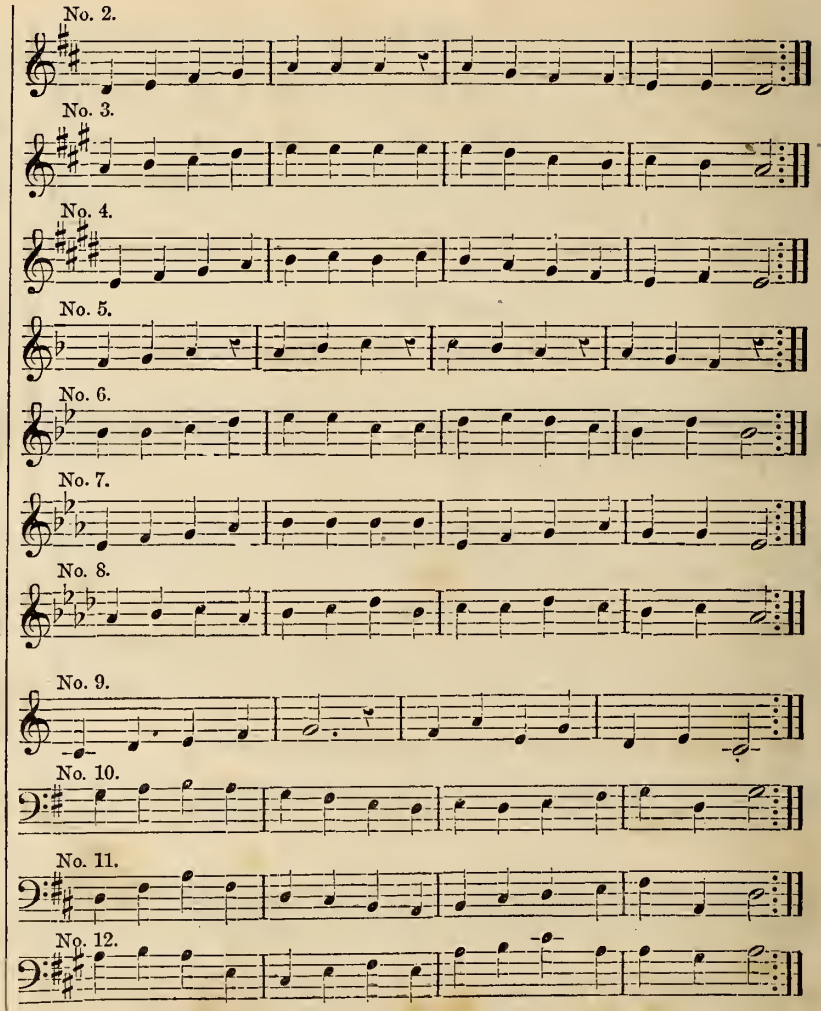
The different kind of Measures.



CHAPTER X.

Signature and Key.





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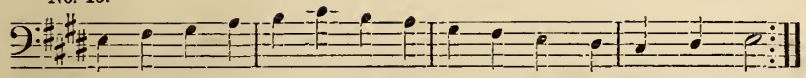

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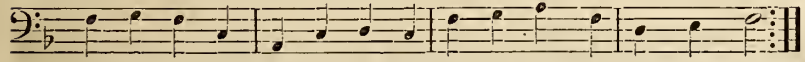

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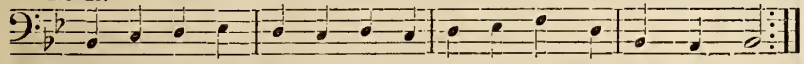

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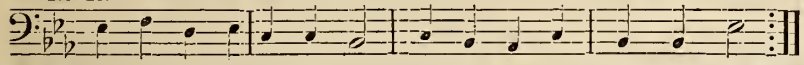

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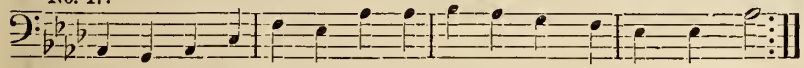

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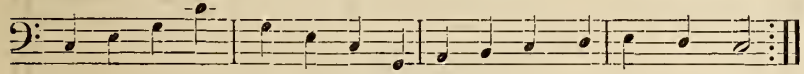
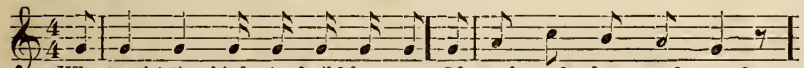
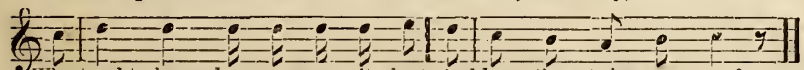


CHAPTER XI.

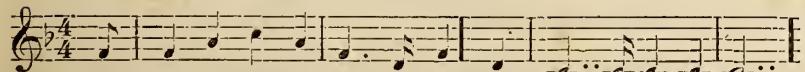
SIXTEENTH NOTE and the EIGHTH REST.

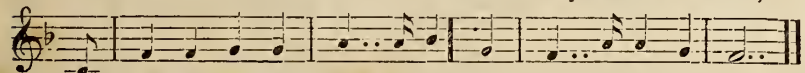




CHAPTER XII.

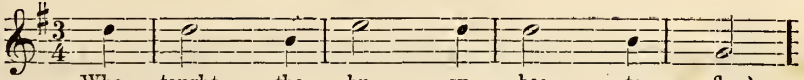
DOUBLE DOTTED NOTES.

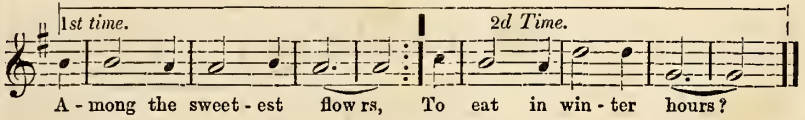




CHAPTER XIII.

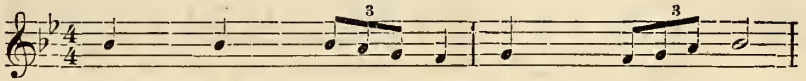
1ST TIME. 2D TIME.

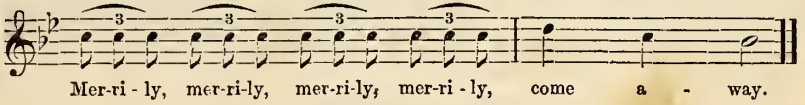




CHAPTER XIV.

TRIPLETS.

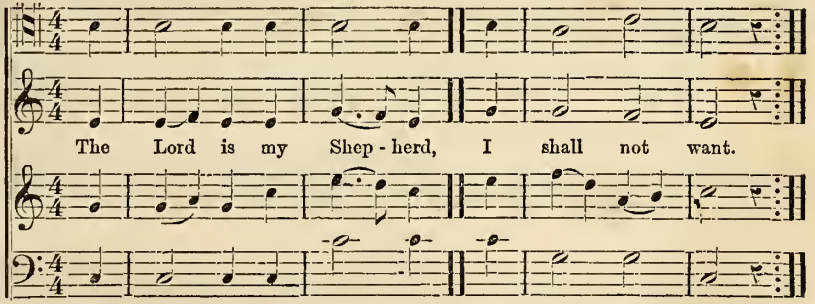




CHAPTER XV.

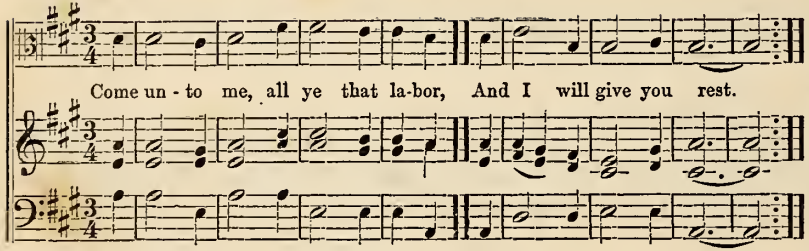
TENOR or C CLEF. The BRACE. Names of the Parts.

No. 1.



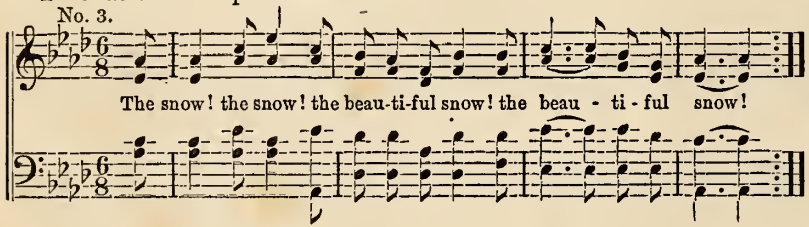
Parts as written upon three staffs

No. 2.



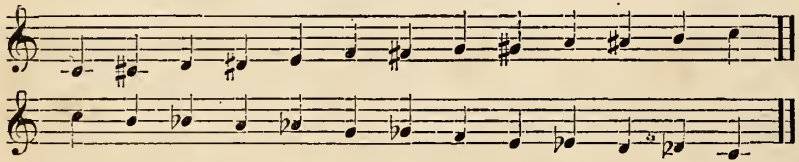
Parts as written upon two staffs.

No. 3.



CHAPTER XVI.

The Chromatic Scale.



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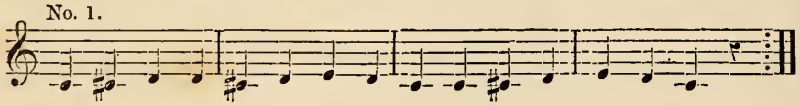

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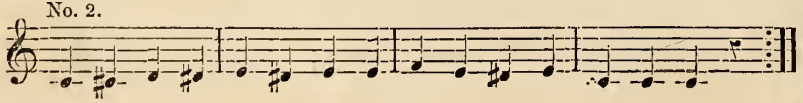

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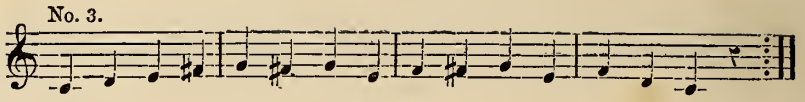

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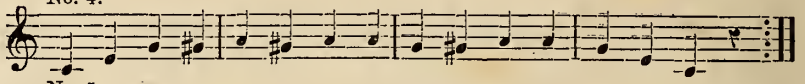

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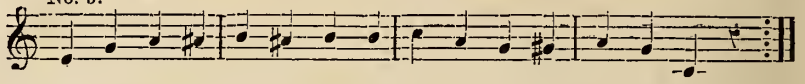

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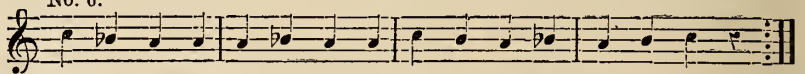

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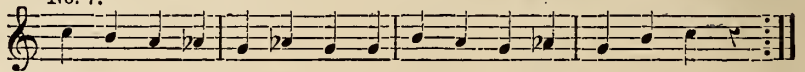

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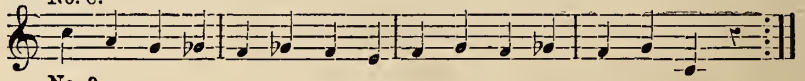

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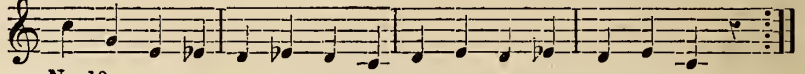

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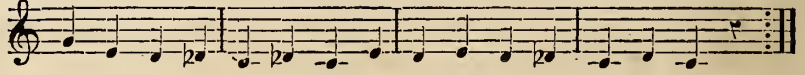
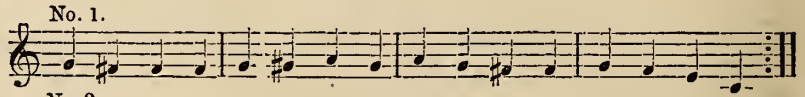


CHAPTER XVII.

How far the sharp or flat extends.

No. 1.



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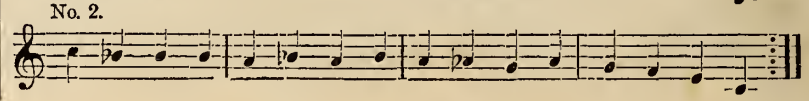
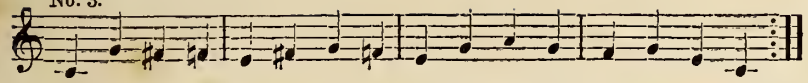


Explain the NATURAL.

No. 3.



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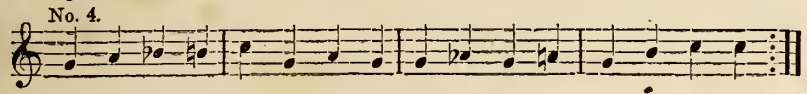
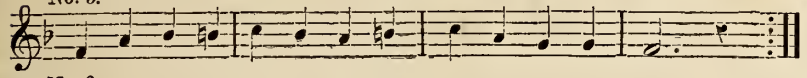


Explain the Natural when it cancels the Signature.

No. 5.



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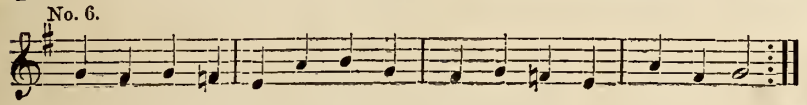
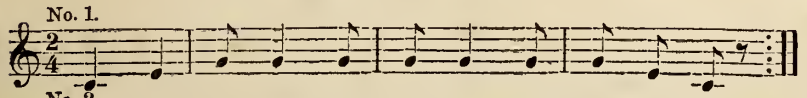


CHAPTER XVIII.

SYNCOPATION OR SYNCOPES.

No. 1.



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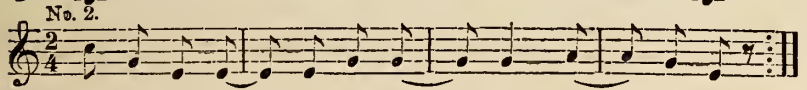

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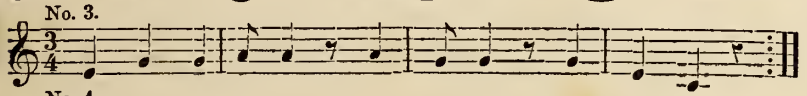

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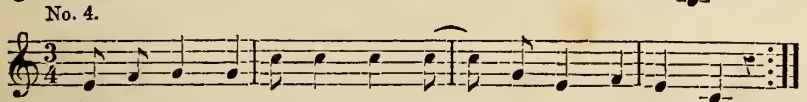

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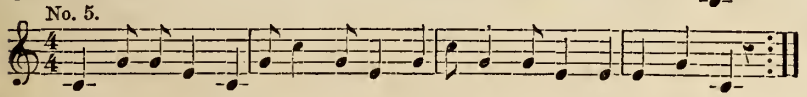

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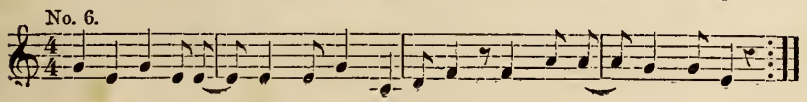
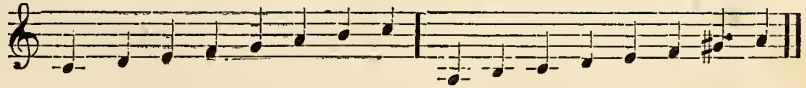
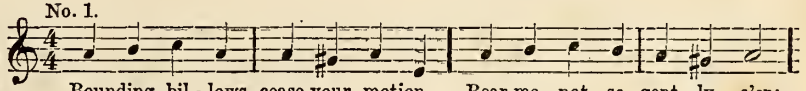


CHAPTER XIX.

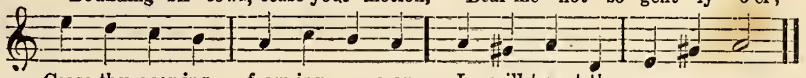
MINOR SCALE.



No. 1.

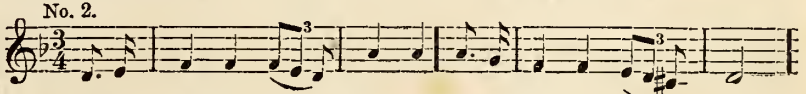


Bounding bil - lows, cease your motion, Bear me not so gent - ly o'er;

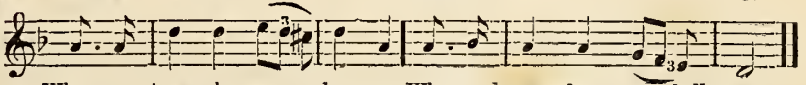


Cease thy roar-ing, foam-ing o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

No. 2.



Far I go where du - ty leads me, Far a - cross the troubled deep,

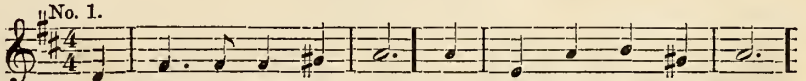


Where no stranger's ear can hear me, Where no eye for me shall weep.

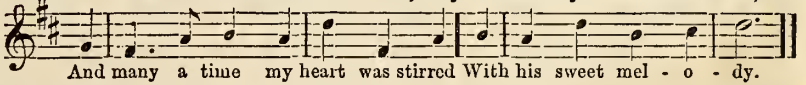
CHAPTER XX.

MODULATION.

No. 1.

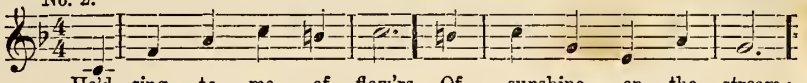


I had a lit - tle bird; My on - ly friend was he;

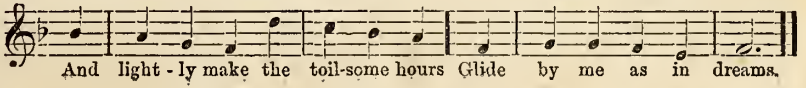


And many a time my heart was stirred With his sweet mel - o - dy.

No. 2.



He'd sing to me of flow'rs, Of sunshine on the stream;

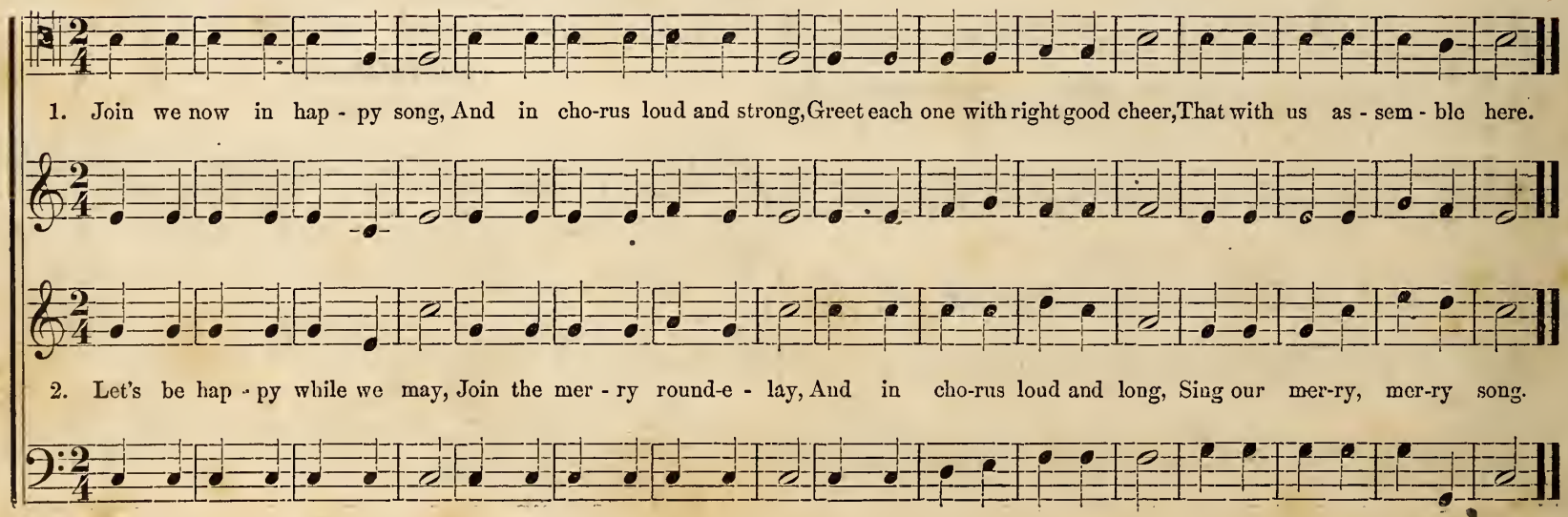


And light - ly make the toil-some hours Glide by me as in dreams.

THE BEAUTY.

JOIN WE NOW.

J. H. RHEEM.



O COME AWAY.

J. RHEEM.

PRETTY FAST.

O come, come away to the woodland to-day, The birds sing so sweetly, The lambs skip so fleetly, All nature is gay, O come, come a - way.

O come, come away to the woodland to-day, The birds sing so sweetly, The lambs skip so fleetly, All nature is gay, O come, come a - way.

LITTLE VALLEY.

J. H. RHEEM.

MODERATO.

1. Charming lit - tle valley, Smiling all so gai - ly; Like an angel's brow, Spreading out thy treasure, Calling us to pleasure In - no-cent as thou.

2. Skies are bright above thee, Peace and quiet love thee, Tranquil little dell, In the fragrant bowers Twining wreaths of flowers, Love and friendship dwell.

SUMMER'S COMING.

J. H. RHEEM.

Summer's coming, Bees are humming, O how glad all na-ture seems, Breezes blowing, Cattle lowing, Ev' - rything with beau - ty teems.

Summer's coming, Bees are humming, O how glad all na-ture seems, Breezes blowing, Cattle lowing, Ev' - rything with beau - ty teems.

PARTING BLESSING. 7s.

J. H. RHEEM.

SOFT AND SLOW.

1. Now may he who from the dead, Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Je - sus Christ, our King and head, All our souls in safe-ty keep.

2. May he teach us to ful - fil What is pleasing in his sight. Make us per - fect in his will, And preserve us day and night.

3. To that great Re-deemer's praise Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood, Let our hearts and voi-ces raise Loud thanksgiving to our God.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Words and Music by J. H. RHEEM.

LIVELY.

There is mu - sic all a - round us ev' - ry-where, ev'-ry where, There is mu - sic all a - round us ev'-ry-where. In the

In the
In the

There is mu - sic all a-round us ev' - ry-where, ev'-ry-where, There is mu-sic all a - round us ev' - ry - where. In the

ear - ly com - ing spring, When the birds do chirp and sing, There is mu - sic all around us, ev-ery-where, ev-ery - where.

pleasant sum- mer breeze, And the humming of the bees.
sigh-ing autumn breeze, With its moan-ing thro' the trees, There is mu - sic all around us, ev-ery-where, ev-ery - where.

win-ter how it swells, With the jing - ling of the bells, There is mu - sic all around us, ev-ery-where, ev-ery - where.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Words by DENNIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY. J. H. RHEEM.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Wait-ing for the May, Wait-ing for the pleasant rambles,

Ah! my heart is wea-ry waiting, Waiting for the May, Waiting for the pleasant rambles,

1. Ah! my heart is wea - ry wait - ing, Waiting for the May, Waiting for the pleas - ant ram - bles Where the fragrant
2. Ah! my heart is pained with throb - bing, Throbbing for the May, Throbbing for the sea - side bil - lows, On the wa-ter

Ah! my heart is wea-ry waiting, Waiting for the May, Waiting for the pleasant rambles,

Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles, With the woodbine al - ter - na-ting, Scent the dew - y way. Ah! my heart is wea - ry wait-ing, waiting for the May.

Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

haw - thorn bram - bles,
woo - ing wil - lows, Where in laugh-ing and in robbing, Glides the streams a - way. Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing, throbbing for the May.

DOUBLE TIME.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Down and up, and down and up, Singing now in doub - le time, Steady let us keep the beat While we make our voices chime.

2. Down and up, and down and up, Keep to - geth - er as we go, Always watching care - ful - ly, Not to sing too fast nor slow.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

J. H. RHEEM.

MODERATO. 1st time. 2d time. FINE. D.C.

Happy soul, thy days are ending, All thy mourning days be - low;
Go, the angel-guards at-tending, To the sight of (OMIT.) Je-sus, go. Waiting to receive thy spir-it, Lo, the Saviour stands above.

D.C. Shows the purchase of his mer-it, Reaches out the (OMIT.) crown of life.

COME TO THE WOODY DELL.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

SOLO.

1. Come to the woody dell! Night birds are sing - ing, Come where the flower bells Soft - ly are ring - ing!
2. Come on the zephyr's wing! Come from the ros - es! Sweets from the li - ly bring, Ere its eup elos - es!

QUARTET.

Come in the moonbeam's light, Come while the spray is bright, Fair - ies! fair - ies! Has - ten to - night.

Come in the moonbeam's light, Come while the spray is bright, Fair - ies! fair - ies! Has - ten to - night.

COLD MARCH DAYS.

By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.

FINE.

1. Ho! for the storm-y, cold March days! Aye, there is nothing like them; Loud let us shout and sing their praise, March is so proud and free.

2. Ho! for the fields, ye farm-ers now, Cheer on your patient ox - en; Deep in the furrows drive the plow, Strive for the harvest fair!

3. Hark! how the warning E - qui - nox Calls from the east-ern ocean; Stand to your arms, ye time worn rocks, Onward the mad waves pour,

D.C.

Snowy, blowy, wheezy, breezy, Sweeping up the winter's snow, Freezing, pleasing, teasing, un - ceas-ing, How do the wild winds blow!

Winging, singing, springing, clinging, On the spray sweet birds are seen, Driving, flying, win - ter de - fy - ing, Winds sweep the meadows green.

Rushing, splashing, surging, crushing, Thund'ring on the coast so strong, Boiling, toiling fiercely re - coil - ing, Wild dash the waves a - long.

MERRY GREETING.

Words by W. E. HICKSON. Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. A - wake the song of merry greeting, sing tra la la la, tra la la la la la, The notes in-spir - ing joy repeat - ing, Sing

2. 'Tis well for thought to find a sea - son, sing la la la la la la la For stud - y always there's no rea - son, Sing

3. 'Tho care will come and tribu - la - tion, sing tra la la la, tra la la la la la, We'll sigh not in th'antic-i - pa - tion, Sing

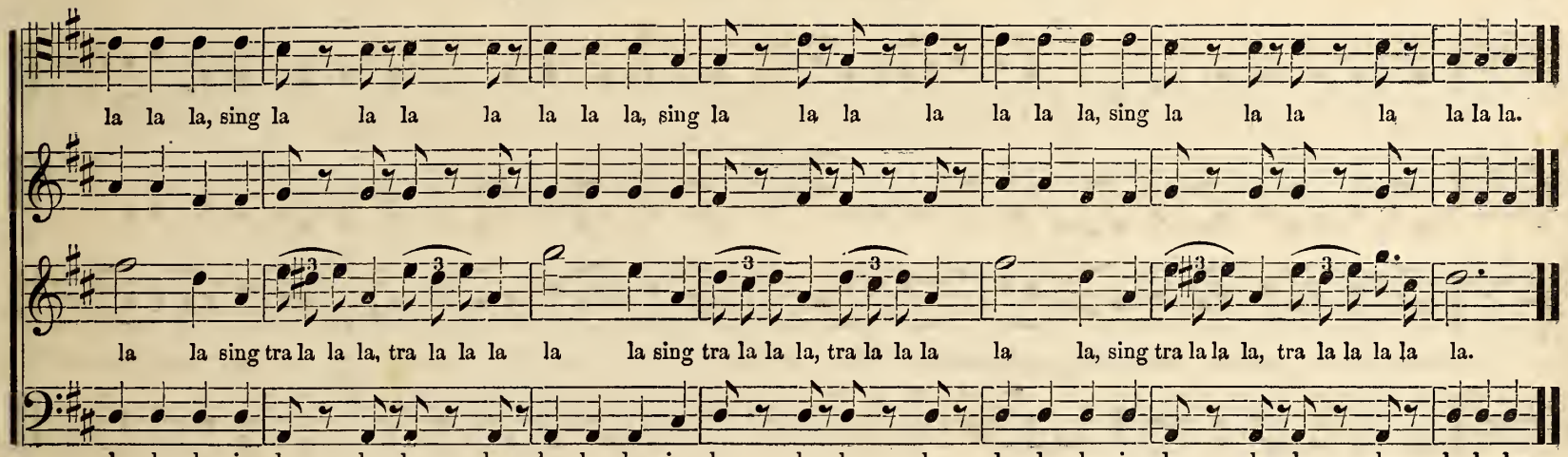
la la la la la la la,

tra la la la, tra la la la la la, Let mirth to wisdom tribute pay.... But yet be merry when we may, Sing la la la la

la la la la la la la, We gather knowledge from the past, To make life happy while it lasts,

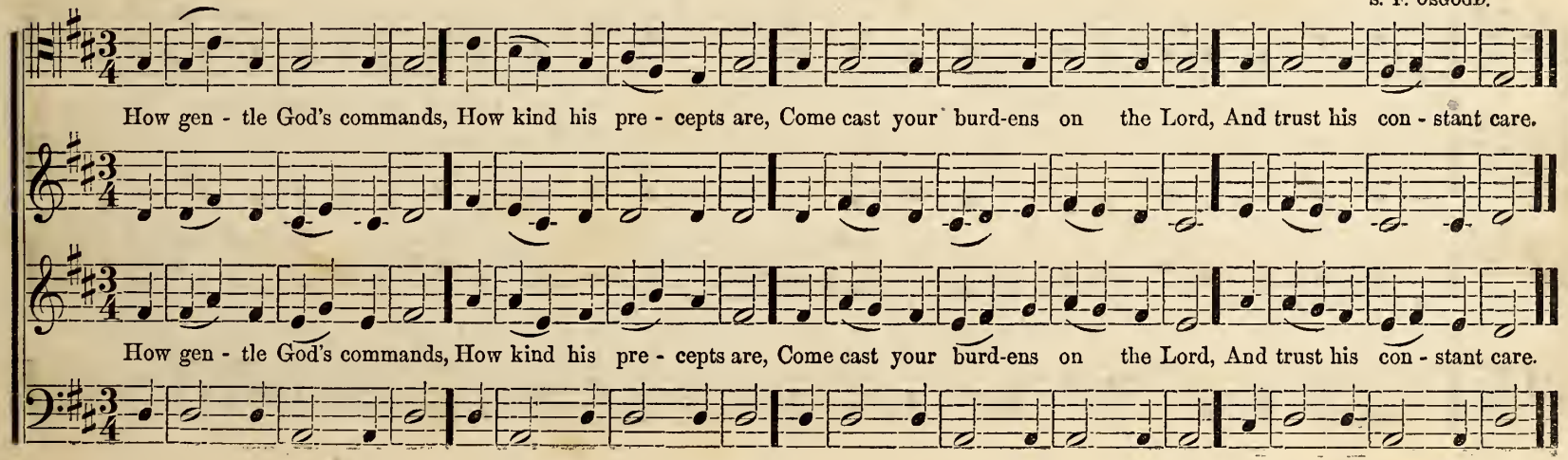
tra la la la, tra la la la la la, For joy will soon each grief dispel, From hearts where love and friendship dwell, Sing tra la la la, tra la la la,

la la la la la la la, la la la la,



AUGUSTA. S. M.

S. P. OSGOOD.



PEACE. C. M.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. High let us swell our tuneful notes, And join th' angelic throng; For angels no such love have known, T' awake the cheerful song.

2. Good will to guilt-y man is shown, And peace on earth is giv'n; For lo! th' in-carnate Saviour comes, A messenger from heav'n.

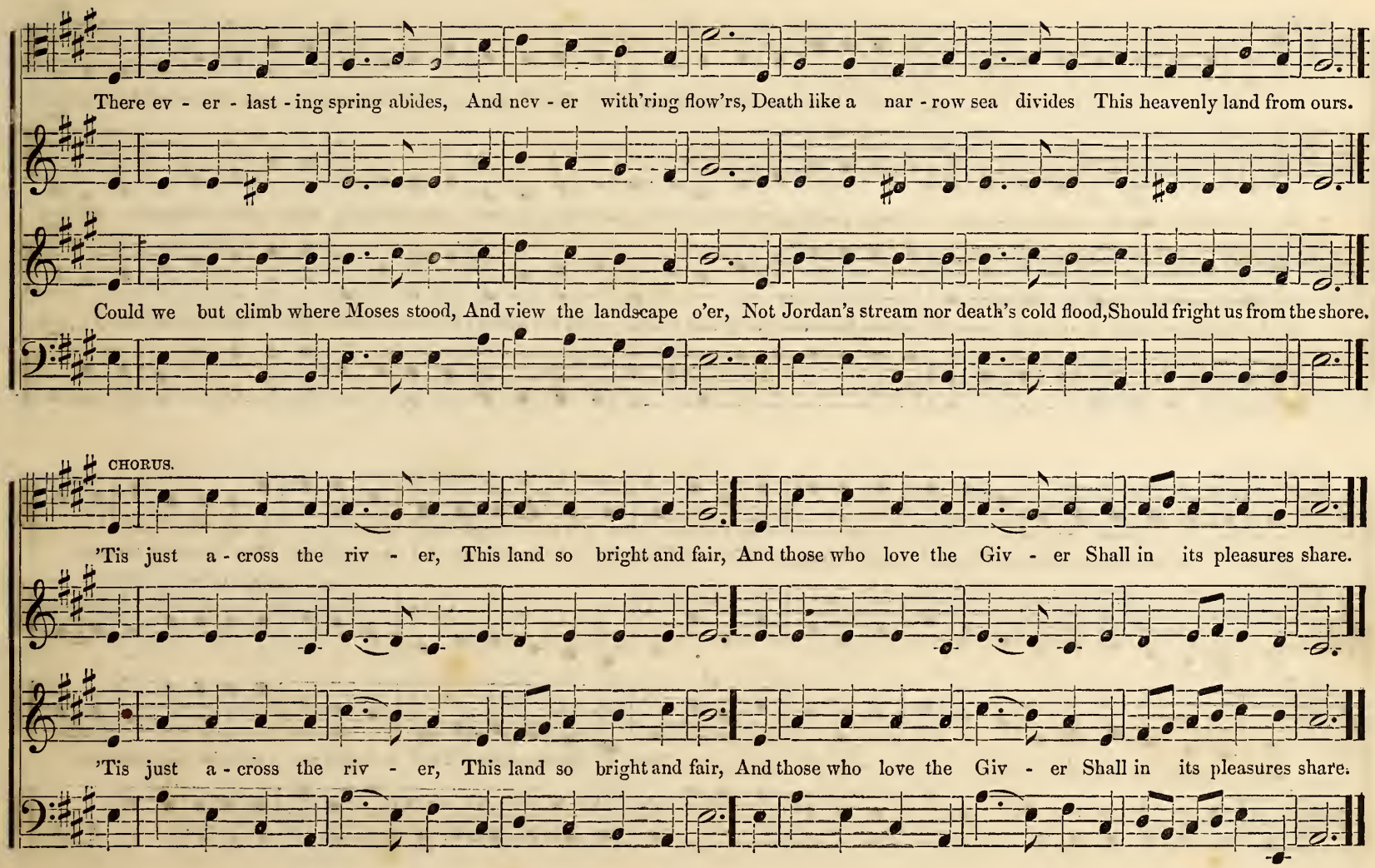
'TIS JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

LIVELY.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign, In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.


There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs, Death like a nar - row sea divides This heavenly land from ours.
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
CHORUS.
'Tis just a - cross the riv - er, This land so bright and fair, And those who love the Giv - er Shall in its pleasures share.
'Tis just a - cross the riv - er, This land so bright and fair, And those who love the Giv - er Shall in its pleasures share.

OVER THE BEAUTIFUL SEA.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The tossing waves are brightly gleaming, Beneath the moon's endearing smile; The far-off stars are mildly beaming, O come with me, with me awhile!

2. The waters murmur softly, slowly, A dreamy chanting, wondrous sweet, Their song is tender, pure and holy, With restful har-mo-ny replete.

3. And thus we float to dreamy measure, Across the waters deep and wide, Beneath the ocean's hidden treasure, Above, the night in beauty's pride.

CHORUS.

Come o - ver the beau-tiful sea with me, Come with me, come with me, Come o - ver the beau-ti - ful sea with me, Over the deep, deep sea.

Come o - ver the beau-tiful sea with me, Come with me, come with me, Come o - ver the beau-ti - ful sea with me, Over the deep, deep sea.

TENDERLY.

1. How cheering the tho't, that the spirits in bliss Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To

2. They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home, Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode, And

breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love. Halle - lu - jah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle-lu-jah, Amen.

Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle - lu-jah, A - men.

lay him to rest in the arms of his God. Halle - lu - jah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle-lu-jah, Amen.

GOOD NIGHT.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Day is past!.... Stars have set their watch at last, Founts that through the deep woods flow,

2. Go to rest!.... Sleep sit dove - like on thy breast, If with - in thy se - cret cell,

3. Joy be thine!.... Kind looks o'er thy slum - bers shine! Go and in the dis - tant land,

RIT.

Make sweet sounds, un-heard till now, Flow'rs have shut with fad - ing light, Good night! Good night! Good night!

One dark form of mem - 'ry dwell, Be it mantled from thy sight, Good night! Good night! Good night!

Meet thy home's long part - ed band, Be their looks all life and light, Good night! Good night! Good night!

Good night! Good night! Good night!

THE OLD COLLEGE YEAR.

Words by GEO. SEVERS, Esq.

Inscribed to Mr. & Mrs. SLOCUM, and Mr. & Mrs. WEBSTER, of PERRY, IOWA.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. As pil - grims who plod to the land of sun - set, And leave all be - hind them most sa-cred and
2. The friend-ships we formed in the year that's gone by us, Will oft bid re - joice if e'er saddened or
3. From friends we are leav - ing we part with re - luct - ance, Each eye e're so bright will be moist with a
4. Then let us march on - ward up life's rug - ged moun - tain, Our old Al - ma Ma - ter will ev - er be
5. But we now bid a - dieu to these halls so en - dear - ing; Farewell to the classmates who oft bid us

dear, We plod to the fu - ture, Yet ev - er re - gret To e'er leave be - hind us the Old College Year.
drear; 'Tho' the heart should de - spond, And our courage de - ny us, 'Twill cheer us to think of the Old College Year.

tear; Yet oft - en we feel that a pleasant re - mem - brance, Will bring us a - gain to the Old College Year.

dear; Ye courses of learn-ing, we've sipped at your fount - ain, And drank of your wa - ters the Old College Year.
cheer; Farewell Al - ma Ma - ter, thy name is re - ver - ing; And fare-well for - ev - er to the Old College Year.

WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The rob-in ear - ly leaves its rest To greet the smiling morn, And gather fragments for its nest, From hillock, wood and lawn; The
2. The cowslip and the spreading vine, The dai - sy in the grass, The snowdrop and the eg - lan-tine, Preach sermons as we pass; The
3. The planets at their Maker's will, Move onward in their cars, For Nature's wheel is nev-er still, Progressive as the stars; The
4. Who then can sleep, when all a - round Is ac-tive, fresh, and free? Shall man, creation's Lord be found Less bu-sy than the bee? Our

bus - y bee that wings its way 'Mid sweets of varied hue, At ev' - ry flow'r would seem to say, "There's work enough to do."
ant, within its cav-ern deep, Would bid us la - bor too, And writes up - on its ti - ny heap; "There's work enough to do."
leaves that flut-ter in the air, And summer breezes woo, One sol-emn truth to man de - clare, "There's work enough to do."
courts and al - leys are the fields, If men would seach them thro', That best of sweets of la - bor yields, And work e - nough to do.

CHORUS.

There's work enough to do, There's work enough to do, And all around us seems to say, "There's work enough to do."

There's work enough to do, There's work enough to do,

There's work enough to do, There's work enough to do, And all around us seems to say, "There's work enough to do."

KIRKVILLE. C. M. D.

J. N. GOOLMAN.

FINE. *D.C.*

Great God, to thee my evening song, With grat - i - tude I raise,
O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with praise. } My days, un - clouded as they pass, And ev' - ry fleet-ing hour,

D.C. Are monuments of won'drous grace, Of mer - cy, love and pow'r.

FLOAT, FLAG OF FAME!

Words by J. C. JOHNSON. W. B. ROSECRANS.

1. Float, Flag of Fame! float over land and ocean, Wave ev'ry-where, a signal for the free;
Tell to the nations here true hearts abiding, Firm as the Heav'ns for truth and right shall be;
Cheer with thy radiance all who lonely wander, Aliens from home a-

2. Flag of our nation, star on star receiving, As 'round yon glorious sun the planets turn;
So light to light in friendly bands uniting, Then in the Union with new splendor burn.
Star lighting star, a gorgeous constellation, Bright in the skies en-

- far up-on the sea; Cheer us, and lead us on to peace and Union, Flag of our nation, bright thy glo-ry be, Thy glo-ry be, thy glo-ry be.

- dur-ing a-ges thro'; Thus, thus, O standard, lead us on to vict'ry, Wave, proudly wave amid the heav'ns so blue, O proudly wave, O proudly wave.

BLESSING.

J. H. RHEEM.

VERY SMOOTHLY.

Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,

Come, thou fount of eve - - - ry bless - - ing, Tune my heart to

Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,

f.

Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Streams of mer - cy
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Praise the mount, I'm

sing thy grace, Streams of mer - - - cy nev - - - er
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up -

Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Streams of mer - cy
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Praise the mount, I'm

BLESSING. Concluded.

FINE.

nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lodious son - net,
fixed up - on it, Mount of thy redeem - ing love, Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

ceas - - ing, Call for songs of loud - - est praise. Teach me some me -
- on it, Mount of thy re - deem - - ing love.

nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lodious son - net,
fixed up - on it, Mount of thy redeem - ing love, Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

D.S. *f*

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.

- lo - - dious son - - - net, Sung by flam - - ing tongues ..... a - bove.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.

SIMS. S. M.

C. C. CASE.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied, Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa - ters gently pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. The bounties of thy love, Shall crown my fu - ture days, Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

C

1. O! see the snow'y wreathes they lie, Here on the hills, There on the vales, The breeze norhtwest now clears the sky, Gaily we'll go, Gai-ly we'll go.
2. There on the glit-'ring sparkling snow, Loudly the bells, Ring thro' the dells, With breeze northwest gaily we go, Bright is the day, Smoothly we fly.
3. O! see each prancer pricks his ears, As on the track, Reining, them back, The driver homeward ho! he bears, Brightly and gay, Crack and away.

Jump in, jump in, with muffling fur, Jack Frost's abroad the blood to stir, O'er slip'ry snow we briskly go, With jingling bells a glad cheer ho!
Come on, come on, young hearts a song, With jingling bells we fly a-long, The stars are out, the moon is clear, A merry night the heart to cheer.
Jump out, jump out, a glad hurrah, The fire burns bright as swings the door, Lov'd friends we meet, with smiles to greet, And then we part, good night, good night.

CHORUS.

Jingle a string of bells.

Then jin-gle the bells, jin-gle the bells; Jing jing jing jing jing jing jing jing, Jing jing jing jing jing jing jing jing,

Jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle, Jingle jingle jingle jingle,

Jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle, jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle jin-gle, jin - gle jin - gle jin - gle jin - gle jin - gle goes the bells.

READY TO GO.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER — Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. An - gels, o - pen the gold - en gates; Come I am read-y to go! Scat - ter the gloom of the si - lent tomb,
2. An - gels, o - pen the sapph - ire getes, Come I am ea-ger to fly! Bright-en my way to e - ter - nal day,
3. An - gels, come with your snow - y robes, Come with your crowns of life; Pi - lot me o'er through the break - ers' roar,

Show me the land of e - ter - nal bloom, Bright with a fade - less glow.
Car - ry my ran-som-ed soul a-way, Come, I am ready to die.
Leading me on, to the sun - lit shore, Out from this world of strife.

CHORUS.

O - - - pen the gates, The gold - - - en gates, O - - - - pen the gates,..... For I am ready to go.
O-pen the gates, O-pen the gates, The gold - en gates,.... O - pen the gates, O - pen the gates, For I am ready to go.

Repeat.pp

4. Angels, come with the victor's palm,
Come in a shining throng:
There is a rest on my Father's breast;
Waft me away from this world's unrest,
Borne on a tide of song.—Chorus.

5. Saviour, come with extended arms,
Come with a smile for me;
Welcome me in from the pain and sin,
Guiding my feet to the throne within,
Close by the crystal sea.—Chorus.

6. Loved ones, come to the sloping shore,
Come to the rolling tide,
Help me to land with a clasping hand,
Welcome me in to your holy band.
Close to my Saviour's side.—Chorus.

* From "The Evergreen," by permission.

JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Words and Music by J. H. RHEEM.

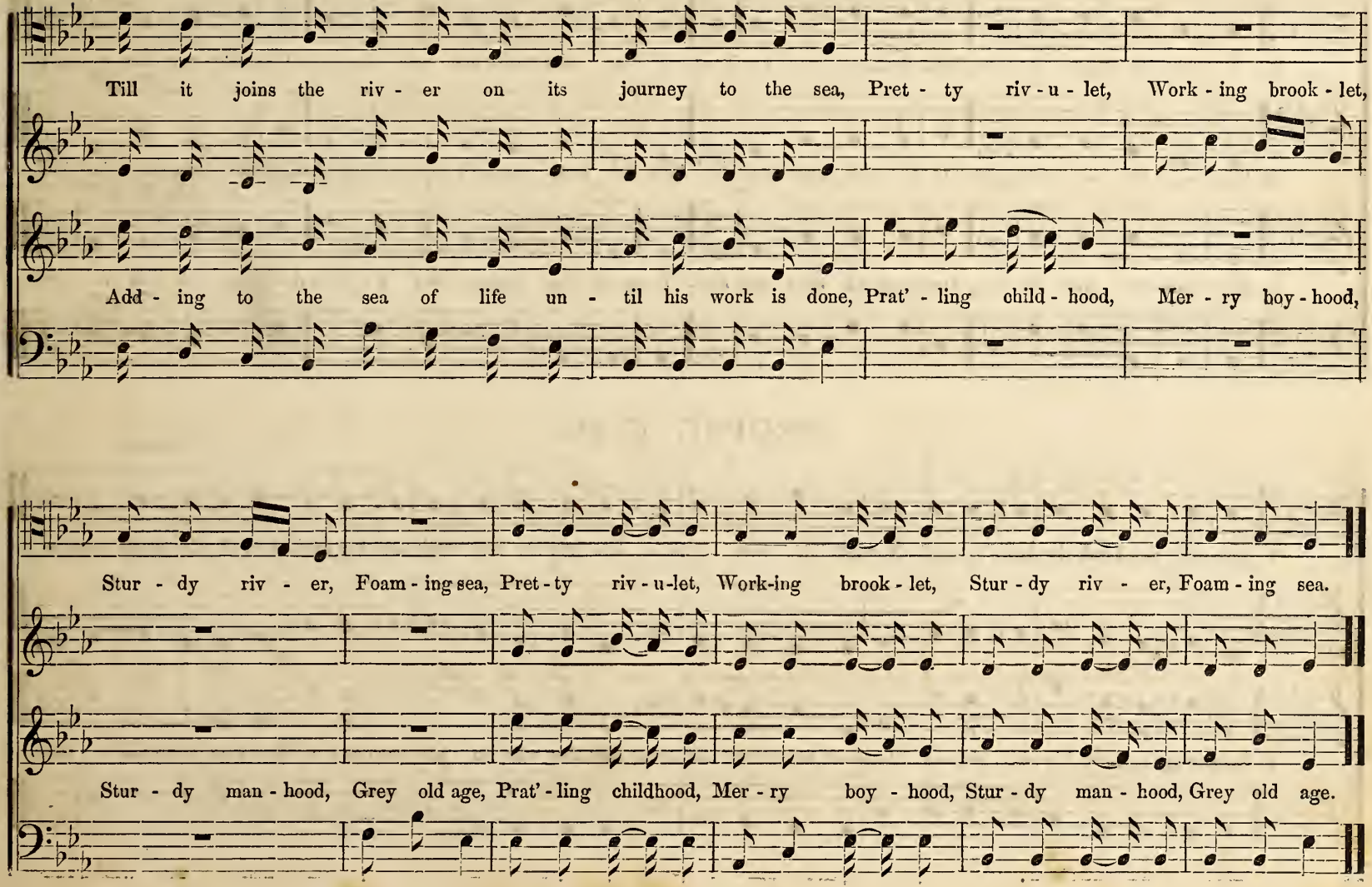
FAST.

1. See the pret - ty riv - u - let come tripping down the hill, On its way to help the brook - let

2. Oh how much like child - hood, as it prat - tles on its way, Till it comes to boy - hood, mix - ing

turn the bu - sy mill, And when-e'er that work is done it glides a - long so free,

la - bor with its play, Then to stur - dy man - hood, as he joins the bu - sy throng,


Till it joins the riv - er on its journey to the sea, Pret - ty riv - u - let, Work - ing brook - let,
Add - ing to the sea of life un - til his work is done, Prat' - ling child - hood, Mer - ry boy - hood,
Stur - dy riv - er, Foam - ing sea, Pret - ty riv - u - let, Work-ing brook - let, Stur - dy riv - er, Foam - ing sea.
Stur - dy man - hood, Grey old age, Prat' - ling childhood, Mer - ry boy - hood, Stur - dy man - hood, Grey old age.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS. S. M.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O for the death of those, Who slumber in the Lord, O! be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last reward.

2. Their bod - ies in the ground, In si - lent hope may lie, 'Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound, Shall call them to the sky.

3. Their ransomed spir - its soar, On wings of faith and love, To meet the Saviour they a - dore, And reign with him a - bove.

PROPST. C. M.

J. N. GOOLMAN.

1. Still on the Lord thy bur - den roll, Nor let a care remain; His migh-ty arm shall bear thy soul, And all thy griefs sustain.

2. Ne'er will the Lord his aid de - ny To those who trust his love; And they who on his grace re - ly, Shall sing his praise a - bove.

COME OUT WITH ME.

J. H. RHEEM.

Tra la la la

THEN TO THE RESCUE.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

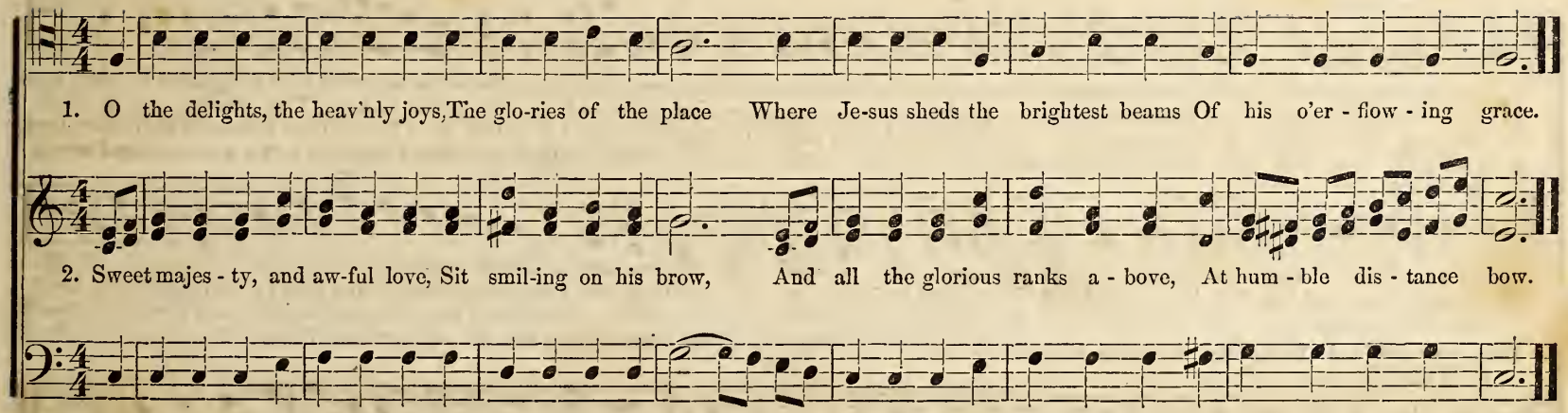
1. Out thro' all our great Columbia, Goes a cry of mor - tal pain, It is pit - i-ful to hear it, Anguished hearts and wearied brain, Mourners o - ver sad - dest ru - in By In - tox - i - ca-tion wrought, Ah, the cause spreads wide and fearful, Souls by sin are dai - ly bought!
2. Death and ru-in, greif and an-guish, Go thro' all this wea-ry world, 'Neath the dark, the awful banners Of In-temperance unfurled, Yes, but right is still most migh-ty, True hearts join us in our toil, By the bless-ing of High Heaven, We may still this tempter foil.
3. Fathers, mothers, lit-tle children, All the flow-er of the land, By this plague, lie stricken, dying, Ev'rywhere on every hand, And re - gard - less of the warning; That they see on ev' - ry side, Still the peo-ple quaff that poi-son, Spread the aw-ful hor-ror wide.
4. O the suf-fer-ing, the sor-row! O the ncv-er dying pain! When will pass the black curse from us, When shall men *be men* again! When true hearts and no - ble spir - its, Band to - geth-er *men to save;* When they *work* instead of mourning, They can close this drunkard's grave.

CHORUS.

Then to the rescue, quickly we speed, Dash down the wine-cup, sow the good seed, God and hu-man-i-ty, this be our cry, Down with Intemp'rance con-quor or die.

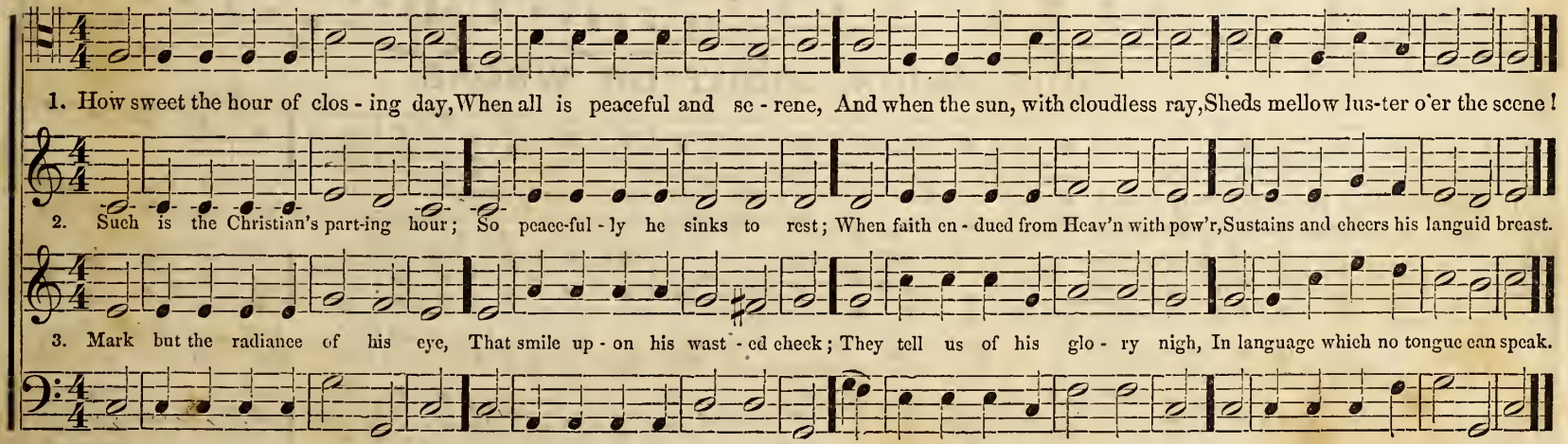
DELIGHT. C. M.

J. H. RHEEM.



BARNES. L. M.

EPHRAIM BELL.



FREEDOM'S HOME.

Words by MELZER GARDNER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1st. VOICE.

1. Awake the glad shout, Let the sound ring out, Like a trumpet's thrilling tone, And the song shall tell to the world how well, Was the prize of freedom won.
2. Their hands unstain'd, their bands untrain'd, In battle's dread ar-ray, They had nerves to bear, and souls to dare, The terrors of the fray.
3. On Bun - ker's height, at deep mid-night, The band of heroes stood, Ye may trace their toil on that ho - ly soil They moisten'd with their blood.
4. O'er land and tide, our coun-try's pride, Her flag to the breeze was giv'n, From its starry gleam by hill and stream, The foe was backward driven.

2nd. VOICE.

'Twas a gloom-y day, no cheer-ing ray Shone on their un-trod path, When a patriot band, first made a stand, For Lib - er - ty or death.
Their nerves were steel, but their hearts could feel The wrongs their coun-try felt, And they brav'd the storm, unmov'd and firm, To God above they knelt.
And all that day, the fear-ful fray, Raged on that battle field, And the foeman's dart pierc'd many a heart that had been Freedom's shield!
They have pass'd a - way, like a quiet day, Like a rip - ple on the deep! That banner waves o'er the quiet graves, Where its brave defenders sleep!

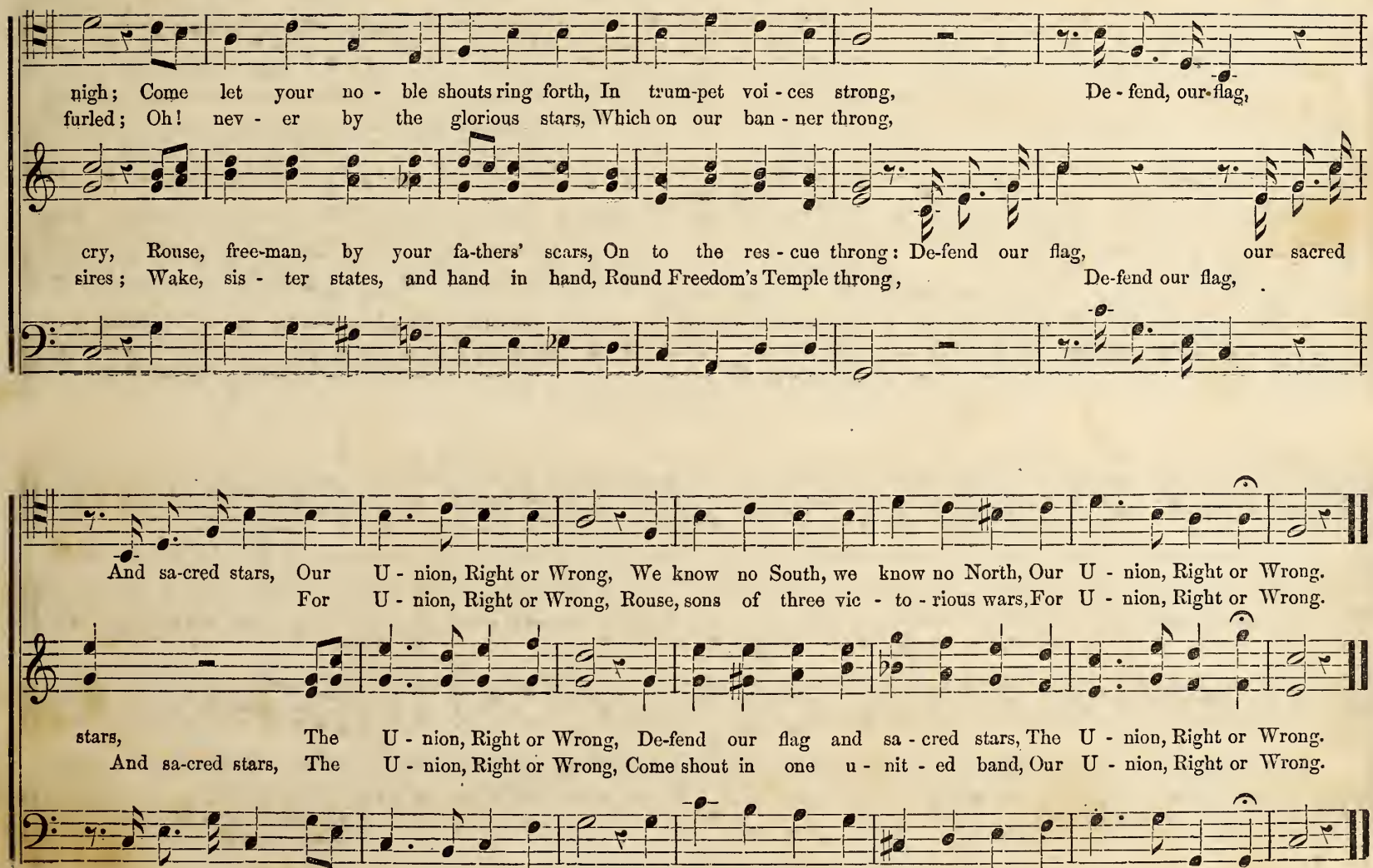
CHORUS.

But the work was done, the prize was won, To us the boon has come, While roll's the sea, our land shall be, Fair Freedom's Happy home.

OUR UNION, RIGHT OR WRONG.

F. BUCKLEY.

1. Rouse, hearts of Freedom's on-ly home! Hark to dis - u - nion's cry, Dear lib - er - ty beneath her dome, Proclaim that danger
2. The tem-ple our brave fathers made, The won - der of the world, Shall they be-hold their sons dismayed, When treason's flag un -
3. Our pa - tri - ot - ic fathers' shades, With Wash - ing - ton on high, Point to their blood anoint-ed blades, And to their children
4. Sons of the press, proclaim its worth, In tel - e - graphic fires, Bid young A - mer - i-ca stand forth, And em - u - late their



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BRIGHT THE DAWN.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

CHEERFUL.

1. A-gain has come the day of rest; Again the Sabbath morn is here To chase away the gloom of care, And bring the light of Glo - ry near.

2. A-gain has come the day of rest; Again, a gen-tle qui-et reigns, And toiling man may find repose, And cease to strive for earthly gain.

3. A-gain has come the day of rest; Again a happy, peaceful dawn, To him who to the light returns, And seeks the joys of Sabbath morn.

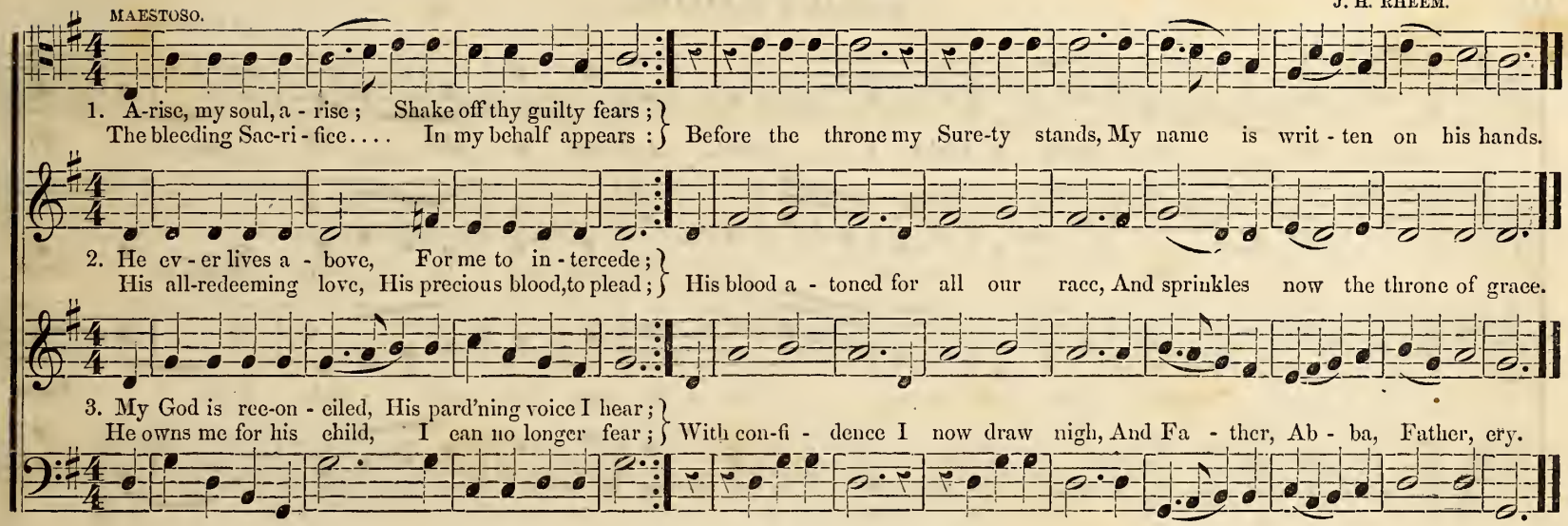
CHORUS.

O bright the dawn of Sabbath morn, To him who walks by ho - ly sight; Dark clouds may hover o'er the sun, But can - not hide the Spir - it light.

O bright the dawn of Sabbath morn, To him who walks by ho - ly sight; Dark clouds may hover o'er the sun, But can - not hide the Spir - it light.

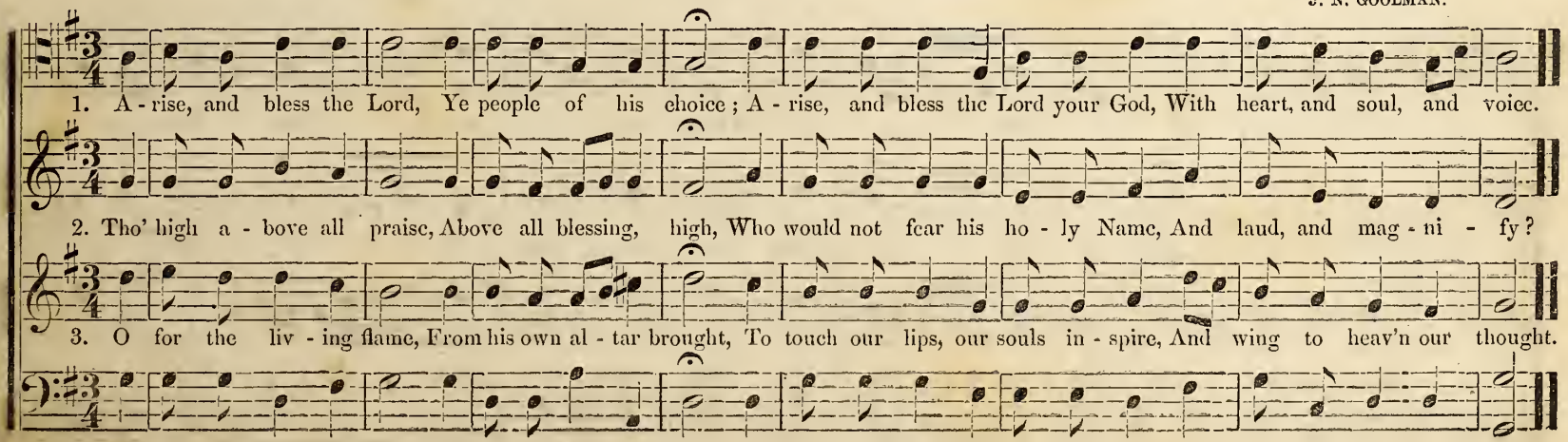
ARISE. H. M.

J. H. RHEEM.



HOUCHIN. S. M.

J. N. GOOLMAN.



EXULTATION.

J. H. RHEEM.

ANIMOSO.

1. On Jor - - - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,.... To

2. O the ... trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight,.... Sweet

3. There gen' - - rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - - tal grow,.... There

Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - - ions lie.....

fields.... ar - rayed in liv - - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.....

rock.... and hill, and brook and vale, With milk and hon - - ey flow.....

HE IS WAITING.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1st. time.

1. Have you heard the wondrous song, That the happy angels share? Have you heard the joyous tidings, From that world forev - er fair?
How the Lord of life a - rose, And tri - umphant o'er his foes,
2. And the mu - sic trills and thrills, Thro' the clear and radiant air, Till the voi-ces, growing sweeter, Bid us in their singing share:
And we stand up - on the hills, Looking far o'er earth-ly ills,
3. All for - got - ten ev' - ry pain That our earthly life has known, Lost in joy no words can ut - ter: All our sad-ness now has flown,
For with glad tri - umphant eyes, We have seen the Lord a - rise,

2nd. time.

CHORUS.

He has pass'd from earth to glo - ry, And he waits his children there, He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,
Till we see the wond'rous beauty Of the Heav'n that waits us there.
We have heard the wond'rous sweetness Of his message to our souls. He is wait-ing for our com-ing, He is wait-ing for our com-ing, He is

Waiting to greet us home..... He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing to greet us home.
waiting to greet us home, to greet us home, He is waiting for our coming, He is waiting for our coming, He is wait-ing to greet us home, to greet us home.

AWAKE.

S. W. STRANB.

A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem-er's praise; He gent - ly claims a song from me,

He gent-ly claims a song from me, He gent - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free.

NOTRE. L. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. O render thanks to God a-bove, The fountain of e - ter-nal love, Whose merey firm thro' ages past, Hath stood, and shall for-ever last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express, Not on-ly vast but num-berless, What mortal el - oquence can raise His tri-bute of im-mortal praise.

IN THE BETTER LAND.

R. A. KINZIE.

They grow not old in that bet - ter land, No staff for the a - ged is needed there, Nor the wrinkled brow, nor the palsied hand,
The wel-come plaudit, that glad "well done," Shall never fall on a deafened ear, While the voice that blesses the cru - cified One,

Is found in that coun-try so bright and fair. Our eyes shall not see with their dim-ness of age, Those beau - ti-ful gates to the
Shall be clear, and soft, and sweet to hear. Be full of gladness, thou ling' - ring one, For soon we shall rest in the

D

streets of gold; A pas - ture there is, where no Win - ters rage, And am - a-ranth grows by its qui - et fold.
heavenly fold; And bur - dens that bow us shall be un - done, When our years are spent as a tale that is told.

QUARTETT. SOFT FLOWING RIVER.

SERENADE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Soft flow - ing riv - er, Star - light-ed stream, Fill - ing with mu - sic Night - ly her dream,

2. Breezes of eve - ning, Pilgrims of song, Sing to the dream - er All the night long,

3. Dreamer, she sleep - eth, Tranquil and blest; Evening to morn - ing, Sweet be her rest;

Mingling thy wa - ters, Roll by the shore, But soft - ly, oh, soft - ly, Your mu - sic out - pour.....

Mingling your voi - ces, Sing - ing en - core, But soft - ly, oh, soft - ly, Your mu - sic out - pour.....

Mingling thy voi - ces, Night, as of yore, But soft - ly, oh, soft - ly, Your mu - sic out - pour.....

BE NOT AFRAID.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. When pow'r di - vine in mor - tal form, Hush'd with a word the rag - ing storm, In soothing ac - cents, Je - sus

2. So when in si - lence na - ture sleeps, And lone - ly watch the mourner keeps, One thought shall eve - ry pang re -

3. And when the last dread hour shall come, And shudd'ring na - ture wait her doom, This voice shall wake the pi - ous

CHORUS.

said, "Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid. Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid, Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid."

- move; Trust, fee - ble man, thy Maker's love.

dead, "Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid. Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid, Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid."

MORNING PRAYER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name, May thy king - dom ho - ly, On earth be the same.
2. For - give us our transgressions, And teach us to know, That humble con - pass-ion, That pardons each foe.

QUARTET or CHORUS.

Oh! give to us dai - ly Our portion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty That all must be fed.
Keep us from temp - ta-tion, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry, For - ev - er. A - men.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

J. H. RHEEM.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In u-nion sweet, ac cord-ing minds, How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
2. To each, the soul of each how dear, What watchful love, what ho - ly fear, How doth the gen'rous flame within, Re-fine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

HEAVEN.

NOT TOO FAST.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Be - yond these chill - ing winds and gloom - y skies, Be - yond death's cloud - y por - tals....

2. A land where life is nev - er dimm'd by shade, Whose fields are ev - er ver - nal,....

3. O land un-known! O land of love di - vine; Fa - ther, all wise, e - ter - nal,....

There is a land where beau - ty nev - er dies, Where love be - comes im - mor - tal....

Where noth - ing beau - ti - ful can ev - er fade, But blooms for aye e - ter - nal....

O guide these wandering way - worn feet of mine In - to those pas - tures ver - nal....

THE HEAVENLY REST. C. M.

R. A. KINZIE.

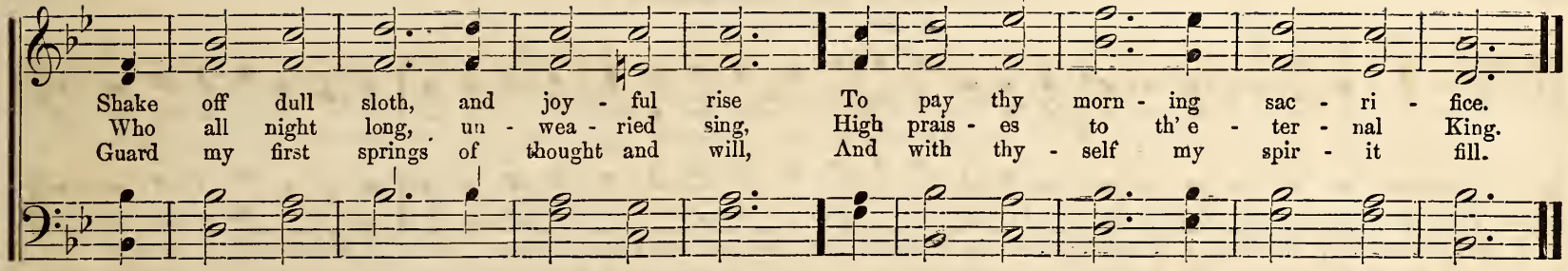
1. There is.... a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - - er - last - - ing spring a - bides, And nev - - er with' - ring flowers:

In - fi - - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
Death like a nar - row sea di - vides This heav' - ly land from ours.

GENESEO. L. M.

R. A. KINZIE.

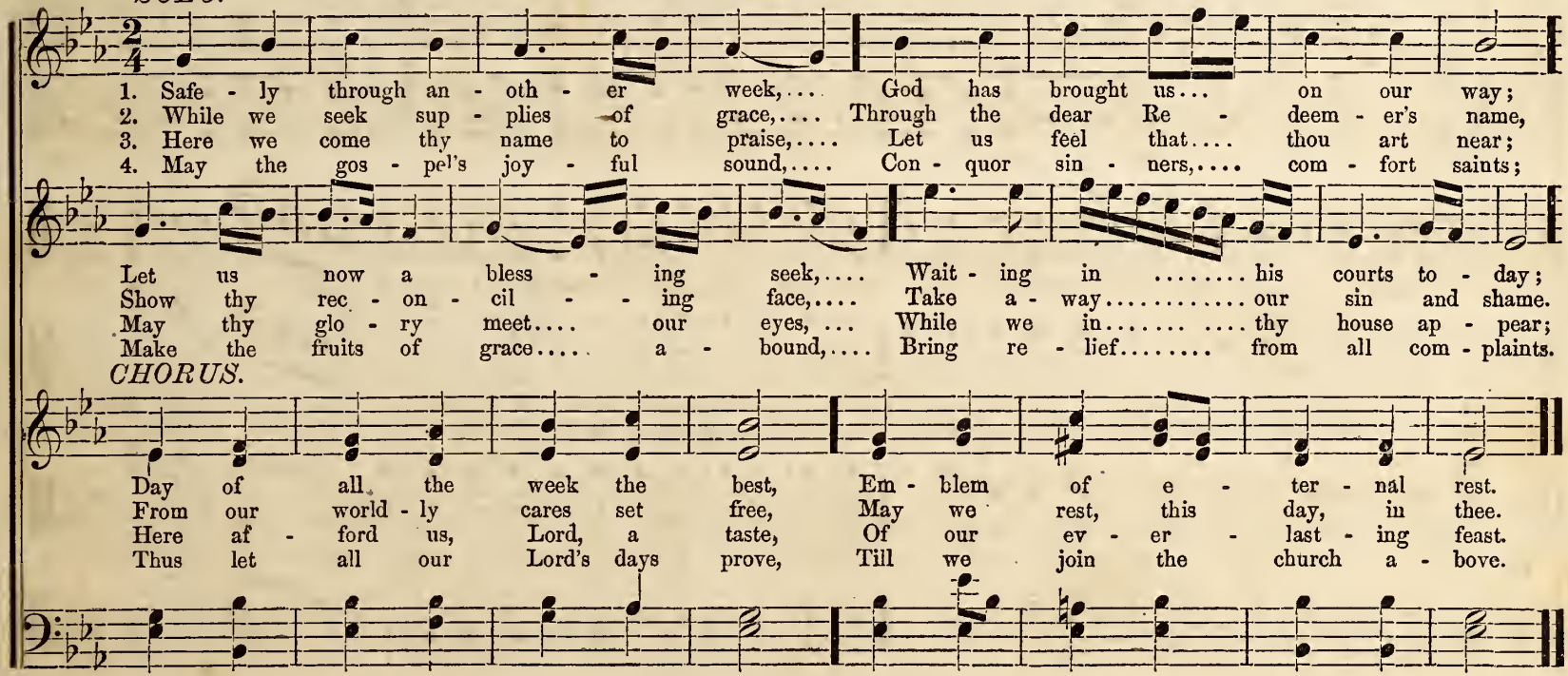
1. A - wake my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. Lord, I my vows to thee re - new; Scat - ter my sins as morn - ing dew;



SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

SOLO.

Arr. from VON WEBER.



WHAT SHE SAID.*

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

2nd TENOR.

1. I saw her in the pasture lot, Where she was picking berries, And when I first dis-covered her, Her cheeks were red as cherries, Her

1st TENOR.

2. Her form, too, it was el - e - gant, Her step both light and air-y, And she threw the bushes from her path, As blithesome as a fair-y, So

3. I knelt in hom-age at her feet, And breathlessly she listened, While smile chas'd smile about her face, And her eyes with pleasure glistened, I

2nd BASE.

4. I asked her if she'd take my hand, And with me onward trav-el,— If she the web of life with me, In un-ion would un - ravel? I

1st BASE.

gown she held up gracefully, And she wore a jaunty bonnet, With such an in - de-pendent air, That I gazed in awe ... up - on it.

dain - tily she pluck'd the fruit, And put it in her basket, That my heart was also pluck'd and laid With-in her bo - - som's casket.

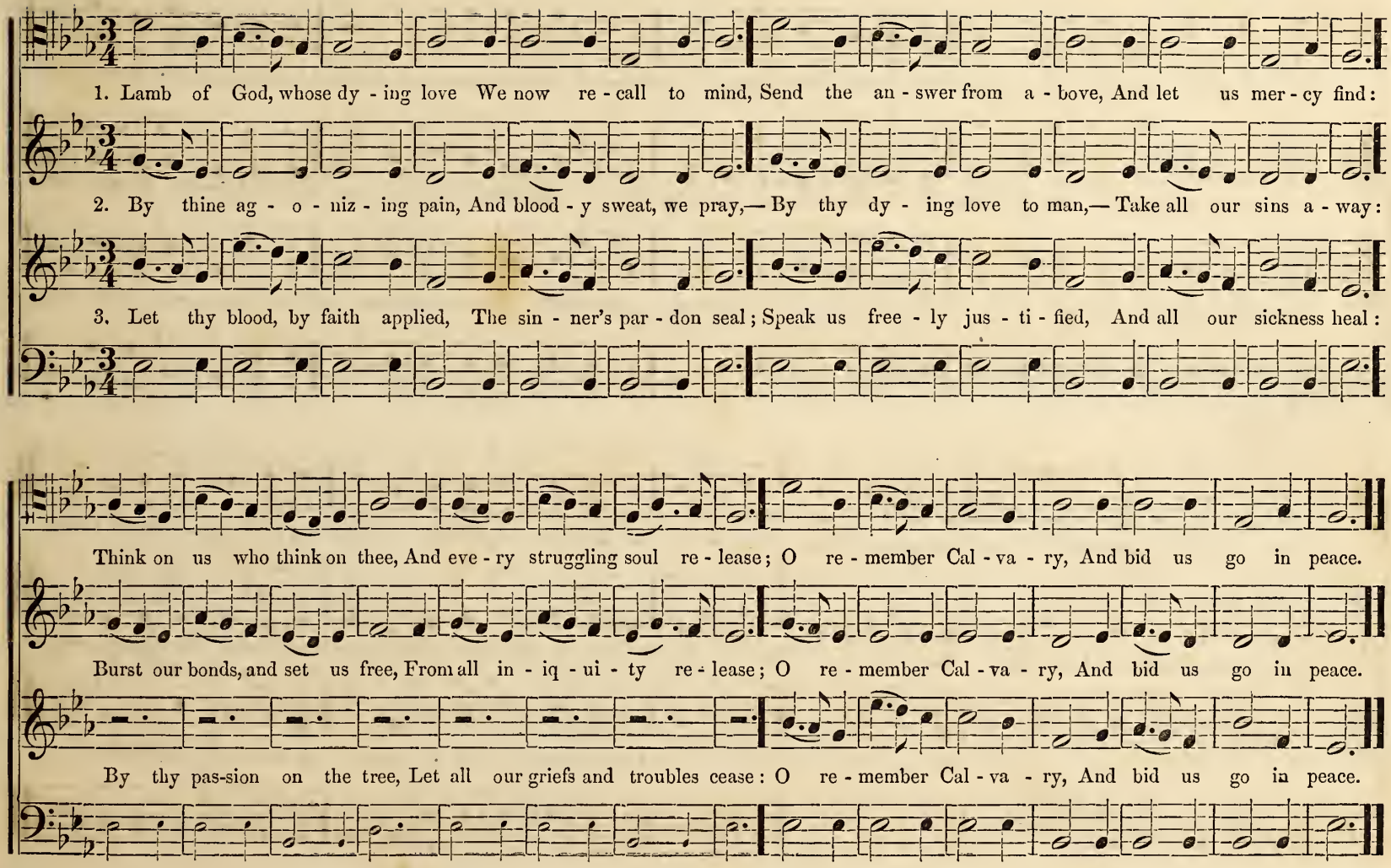
asked her if her love for me Could ev - er be as fervent As that then entertained for her By her ve - ry hum - - ble servant.

asked her if she could and would, (Afraid she'd say she couldn't,) Instead of which she said she could, But rather guessed.... she would'nt.

* From the "Song Crown," by permission.

DORA. P. M.

J. N. GOOLMAN.



QUARTETT. MILDRED LEE.

Words by J. J. MAXFIELD. MRS. * * *

1. In a lit - tle vine clad cot-tage, Down beside the sounding sea, Where the ring-dove's nest is building, Lives my dark-eyed Mildred Lee.

2. We were walking in the moonlight, I was talk - ing, she was still, But I thought I heard the an - swer Low and ten-der,—"But I will."

3. When the blue-bells in the meadow, Fling their fragrance to the breeze, And the rob - in sings and dances, Through the branches of the trees,

She is fair - er than the ros - es, That are blooming at the door, And her voice is sweeter mu - sic Than we hear on dreamland shore.

For the streamlet laughed the louder, And a bird commenced to sing, Could it be they heard the whisper, Or espied the simple ring?

Then we'll join our hands to-geth - er, In that cot - tage by the sea, And we'll sail a-down life's riv-er, I and dark-eyed Mildred Lee.

Majestic.

T. S. SLAUGHTER.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise.

E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WAUGH. S. M.

J. N. GOOLMAN.

1. Re-joice in Je - sus' birth, To us a Son is giv'n, To us a child is born on earth, Who made both earth and Heav'n.
2. He reigns a - bove the sky, This u - ni - verse sus-tains, The Ood supreme, the Lord most high, The King Mes - si - ah reigns.
3. The mighty God is he, Au - thor of heaven-ly bliss, The Father of e - ter - ni - ty, The glorious Prince of peace.
4. His gov-ern-ment shall grow, From strength to strength proceed, His righteousness the church o'erflow, And all the earth o'erspread.

SHULER. 6s.

Words by Rev. W. W. SHULER.

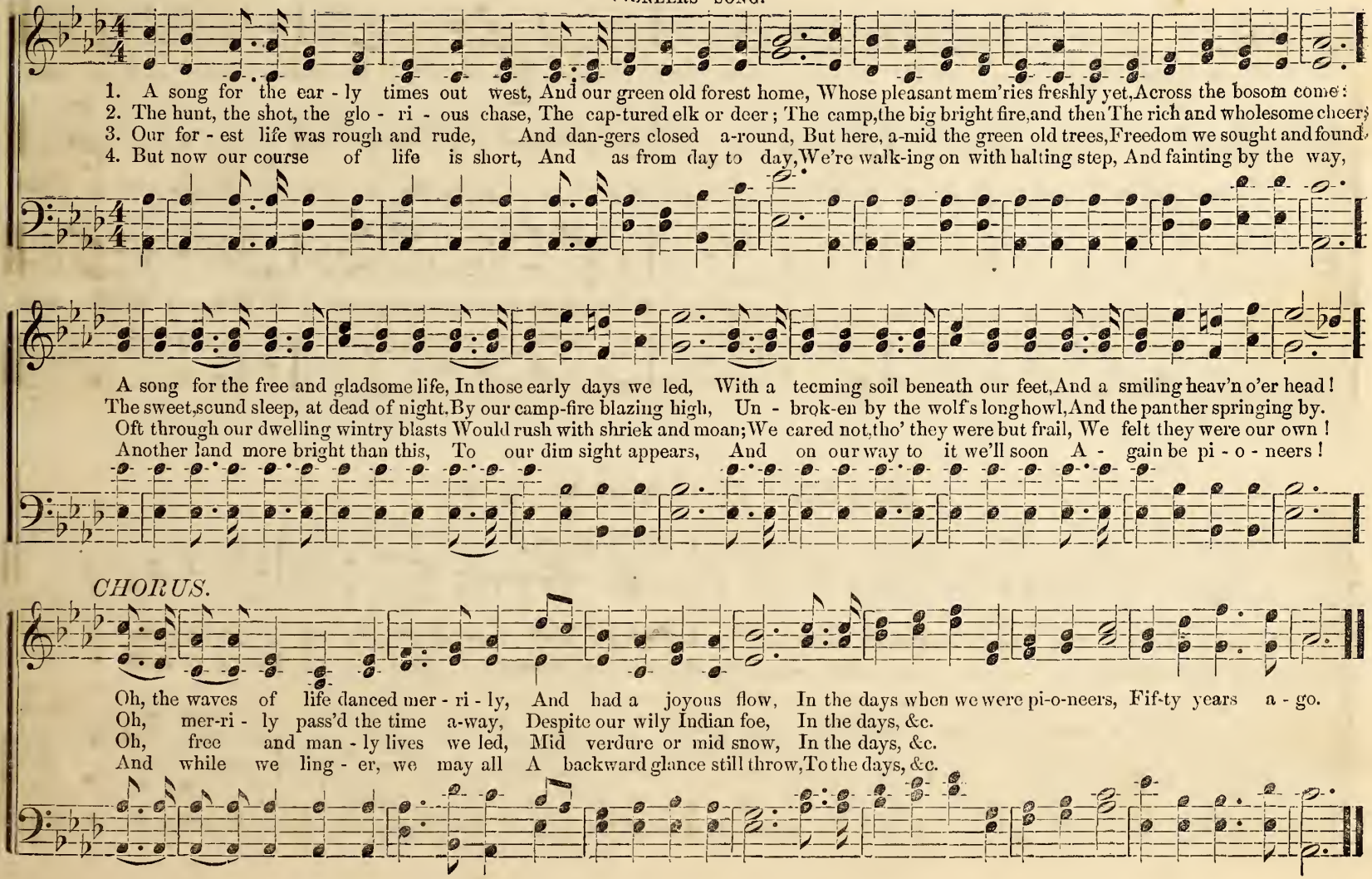
Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Oh God! Thy grace I need, While here on earth I roam, Oh keep me thine, and lead Me safe - ly to my home.
2. Thou art not far from all, The children of thy care, Tho' ru - ined by the fall, Thy grace they free - ly share.
3. When foes my soul in - vade, And would my hope de - stroy; Thy grace is all my trust, My cup is filled with joy.
4. Thy grace is not of earth, But heavenly, all di - vine; It frees my soul from death— E - ter - nal life is mine.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Words by W. D. GALLAGHER. C. C. HOTCHKISS.

PIONEERS' SONG.



BEEBER. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, could our tho'ts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er in - vades!

2. Lord! send a beam of light di - vine To guide our upward aim; With one re - viving touch of thine Our languid hearts in - flame.

3. Then shall, on faith's sub - limest wing, Our ar - dent wishes rise To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Immor-tal in the skies.

BEYOND THIS VALE. S. M.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

SPEAK WITH KINDNESS.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.

1. Speak with kindness! loving, ten-der, Let thy words be ev - er - more! Grant af - fection to the friendless, To the poor give from thy store.
2. Cher - ish char - i - ty, com-passion For the err-ing and the weak; Tell sad hearts of sin grown weary, How the Saviour they may seek.
3. Live for oth-ers! 'tis the noblest Work that human souls can do; To that work the Saviour calls you, He will help you to be true.

CHORUS.

Live for right and du-ty ev - er, Christ will help you on your way; Fails his lov - ing promise never, Watch and work, and humbly pray.

FARLEY. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Thy Father's house! thine own bright home! And thou hast there a place for me! Tho' yet an ex - ile here I roam, That dis - tant home by faith I see.
2. Thy love will there ar - ray my soul In thine own robe of spotless hue; And I shall gaze while a - ges roll, On thee, with rap - tures ev - er new.
3. Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet Shalt bring the shin - ing threshold o'er; A Father's warm embrace to meet, And dwell at home for - ev - er - more.

POLKA GLEE.

Arr. from "Valley Gem Polka," by J. H. RHEEM.

IN POLKA TIME.

FINE.

Come and let us sing a merry glee, la la la la la la, And we'll very, very happy be, la la la la la la.

la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Come and let us sing a merry glee, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, And we'll very, very happy be, Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

la la la la la la.

D.C.

Happy are we the whole day long, la la la la la la, As we join in dance and song, la la la la la la.

la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Happy are we the whole day long, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, As we join in dance and song, la la la la la la la la la.

la la la la la la.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

ANDANTINO.

1. Tell her that the flow'rs have faded, That she lov'd so fond, and dear, And the trees our sweet cot shaded Now with autumn's frosts are sere.

2. Tell her that the clock is standing In the corner by the wall, Since she is not here to wind it, Now it seldom goes at all.

3. Tell her that her room is lone-ly As the mansions of the dead; That the old man now is weeping, For the light of life is fled.

Tell her that the cot is drear - y, Since the old man's child is gone, And I bit-ter - ly am weeping, Si-lent, sad-ly, and a-lone.

Tell her time flies by so lone - ly, Night is just as fair as day, Th' old man sits and thinks so sadly, Of the lov'd one far a - way.

Tell her that I bless the pow - er This my hum-ble lot has giv'n, And I wait to hear the summons, That shall call my soul to heaven.

* From the "Morning Star," by permission.

RADER. 8s & 6s.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve; Because thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, thy love un-known, Hath broken ev'-ry bar-rier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Though troubles as-sail, And dan-gers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, And foes all u-nite, Yet

2. When life sinks a-pace, And death comes in view, The word of his grace, Shall com-fort us through, Not

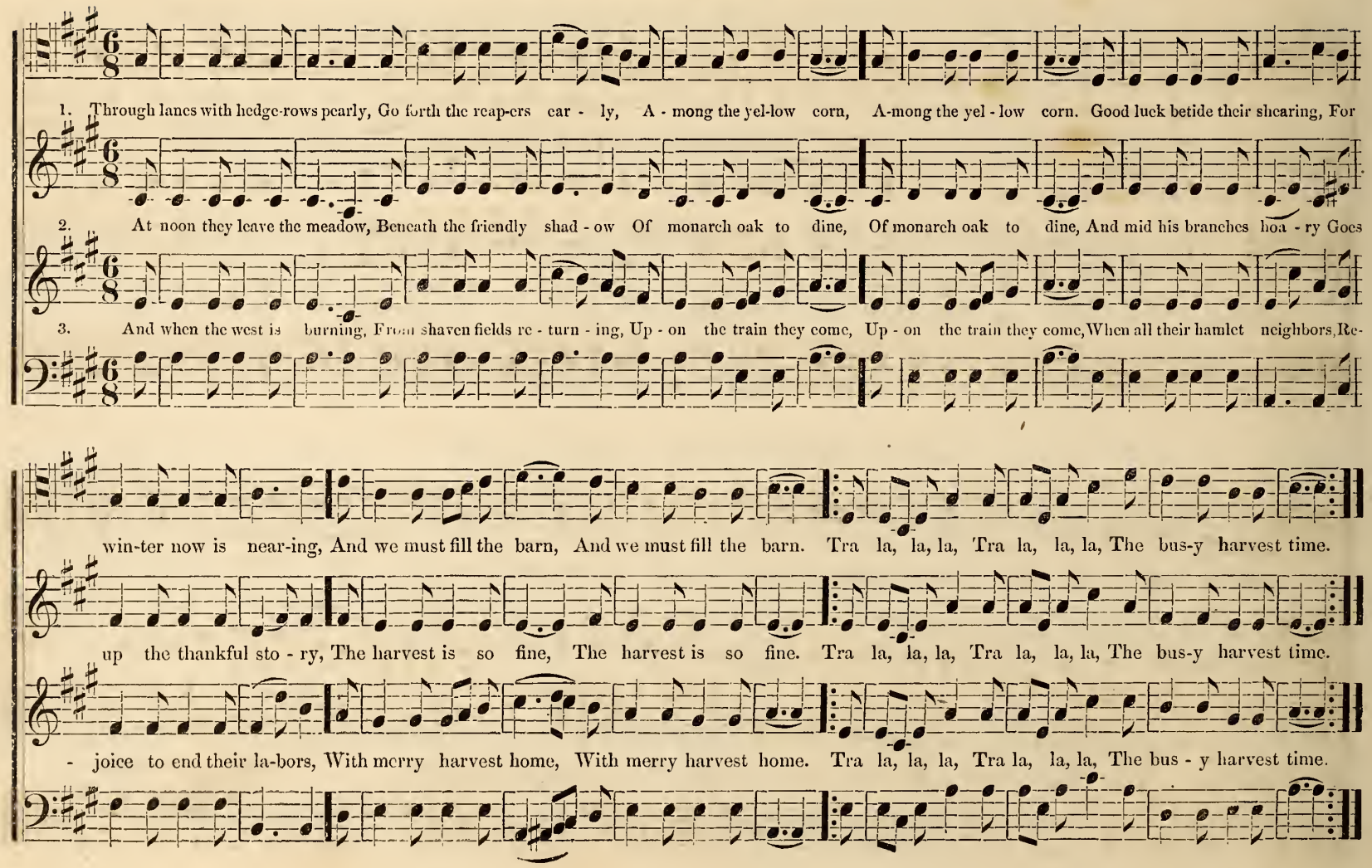
one thing se - cures us, What ev - er be - tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, The Lord will pro - vide.

fear - ing or doubt - ing, With Christ on our side, We hope to die shout - ing, The Lord will pro - vide.

Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, For all who put their trust in him.

Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, For all who put their trust in him.

THE HARVEST TIME.



Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Fine.

1. Now our lessons all are end - ed, And we join in closing song; Ere we part un-til the morn - ing Bring again our happy throng.
2. School days soon will all be o - ver, Let us work with anxious care, For the swiftly coming fu - ture, We must every one pre-pare.

Chorus after 2d verse.

To our places in the school room, At our books or in the class, Where in learning words of wisdom, Soon anoth - er day will pass. Left, left
All the life that is be-fore us May depend on what we do, In these years of happy school life; Let us to ourselves prove true.

D. C.

March out of school room.

forward march. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

NEVER PROVE FALSE TO A FRIEND.

J. H. ROSECRANS..

1. Nev-er prove false to a friend, In love and in friendship be true; Never prove false to a friend, So long as he's faithful to you; He

2. Is an - y man free from his faults, All righteous and good in his ways? Lives there a woman on earth, That she can be named but in praise?

3. Stand by a man in dis - tress, When you know he is real-ly in need; What matter if ev - er he falls, There is honor for you in the deed, That

4. Censure a man for his faults, Give him honor when honor is due; But never prove false to a friend, So long as he's faithful to you;

may be dis-hon-est, a knave In others' o - pin-ions, but then To you he is gen'rous and kind, And one of the noblest of men.

Nev-er speak ill of a friend, To gossipers keep closed your ears; An ex-cel-lent rule in the main, Is to credit one tenth that you hear.

one may deceive you 'tis true, Then his and not yours the disgrace, Because we find one man un-true, Shall we wrong or distrust a whole race?
Nev-er prove false to a friend; In love and in friendship be true; Nev-er prove false to a friend, So long as he's faithful to you.

EDGAR. C. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Be-hold what con - de-scend - ing love, Je - sus on earth displays, To babes and sucklings he extends The rich - es of his grace.

2. He still the an - cient prom - ise keeps, To our fore-fathers giv'n, Young children in his arms he takes, And calls them heirs of heav'n.

SLUMBER SWEETLY.

J. H. RHEEM.

2nd. verse only.

1. May your slumbers all be blest, When you close your eyes to rest, May the ho-ly angels keep, Vigils o'er you while you sleep.

2. Sleep till ro - sy morning come, With its light to bless your homes, Bless the angels that will keep, Vigils o'er you while you sleep, Good night.

LAUGHING SUMMER HOURS.*

Words by C. D HANKS.

Music by J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

1. We love the laugh-ing sum - mer hours, summer hours, As mer - ri - ly we glide a - long, glide a - long, They

2. All hail! thou best of all the year, all the year, We wel - come thee with songs a - gain, songs a - gain, And

3. O wild and free, and dear to me, dear to me, And sil - ver streams in warbling flow, warbling flow; And

1st verse.

2nd and 3rd verses.

deck the bow'rs with sweetest flow'rs, And fill our hearts with mirth and song.

sweet the chorus loud and ..... clear, While song-birds chant their soft re - frains.

summer winds in thrilling ..... glee, With ech - oes ev - er sweet and low.

* From "Sabbath Praise," by permission

SONG OF GREETING.

J. H. RHEEM.

ALLEGRETTO.

1st time. 2d time.

1. We come a - gain with songs to greet you, To feel the warmth of eve-ry heart,
In hap - pi - ness we smile to meet you, (OMIT.....) Yet sigh to think so soon we part.

2. On eve - ry spot the sun-beam brightens, There constant heart - ed friends we find;
With such the tie of friendship tight-ens, (OMIT.....) No space can blot them from the mind.

3. But now a - gain we meet in gladness, To wipe the tear from eve-ry eye;
Come ban - ish from the heart all sad - ness, (OMIT.....) Nor let a sor - row cause a sigh.

CHORUS.

pp *f* *pp*

We come a - gain, we come a - gain, we come a - gain with songs to greet you, We come a - gain with songs to greet you.

We come a - gain, we come a - gain, we come a - gain with songs to greet you, We come a - gain with songs to greet you.

THE ARMY OF THE WINE KING.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE WALDRON, of DES MOINES, IOWA.

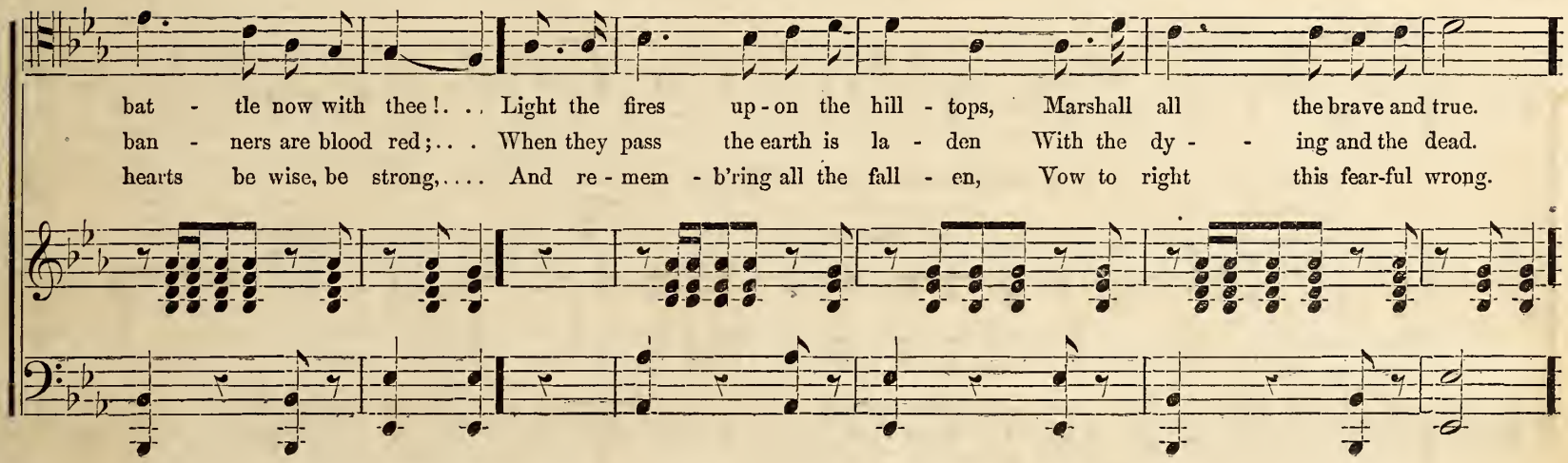
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1st. Voice.

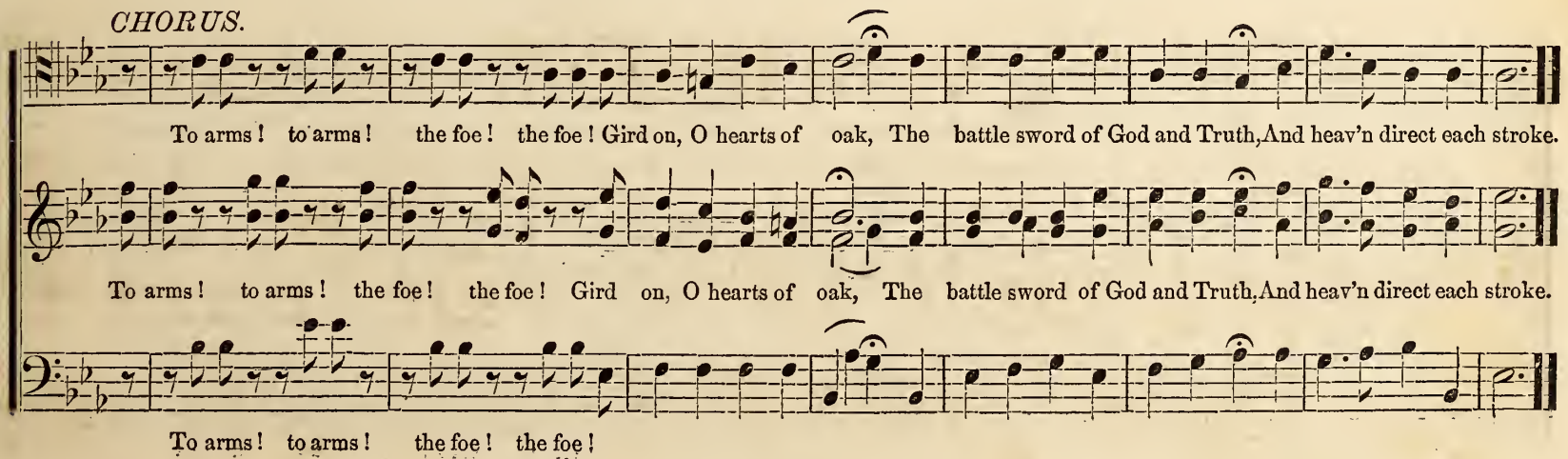
1. Watchman on the mountain, stand-ing, Look thou o - ver all the land;.... What dost see of good or e - vil, Tell us, we of thee de - mand.
2. Know-est thou from whence they're coming, From the land or from the sea?.... Of what na - - tion are their ban - ners? Tell us, we demand of thee.
3. Ah, we know those blood-red ban - ners! Long they've waved a-bove our land;.... Long we've seen our loved ones fall - ing, Strick - en by that cru - el band.

2d. Voice.

Lo, an en - e - my is com - ing, Come to
From the in - land they are com - ing, And their
'Tis the Wine - king's host that com - eth! Faith - ful


bat - tle now with thee!. . . Light the fires up-on the hill - tops, Marshall all the brave and true.
ban - ners are blood red;. . . When they pass the earth is la - den With the dy - - ing and the dead.
hearts be wise, be strong,. . . . And re - mem - b'ring all the fall - en, Vow to right this fear-ful wrong.

CHORUS.


To arms! to arms! the foe! the foe! Gird on, O hearts of oak, The battle sword of God and Truth, And heav'n direct each stroke.
To arms! to arms! the foe! the foe! Gird on, O hearts of oak, The battle sword of God and Truth, And heav'n direct each stroke.
To arms! to arms! the foe! the foe!

SPRINGTIME.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sing, joyous - ly sing, for the win - ter hours have fled, Hope, ten - der - ly hope, for the flowers that now seem dead.

2. Cheer, mourning one, cheer, for the clouds have passed a - way, Hope, ten - der - ly hope, in the beau - ty of the May,

3. Sing, joy-ous - ly sing, for the beau - ty of the year, Hope, ten - der - ly hope, for the sum - mer draw - ing near.

Fine.

Spring, beau - ti - ful Spring, with her warm and per-fumed breath, Comes, joy - ous - ly comes, with the gift of life from death.

Smile, hap - pi - ly smile, for the world is glad - ly bright, Sing, joy - ous - ly sing for the springtime love and light.

Smile, hap - pi - ly smile, for the springtime fair and sweet, Comes, joy - ous - ly comes, your wait - ing soul to meet.

SPRINGTIME. Concluded.

First four lines of first verse as chorus. D.C.

Sweet the win - ter time is past, Fear no more its bitter blast; Light and life have come once more, Tho' the world was dark before.

Af - ter win - ter, sad - ly drear, Springtime bringeth bloom and cheer, Bird songs trilling clear and sweet, Days that pass with fairy feet.
Grieve no more, the win - ter snow, Laid o'er beau-ty buried low; Spring has come thy hope to save, Raise it from its i - cy grave.

MANHATTAN. C. M.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore his throne.
2. Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned With glories all di - vine: And tell the wond'ring nations round, How bright those glories shine.

TRUST. S. M.

Words by Rev. W. W. SHULER.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Je - sus, thy blood a - lone My sins can wash a - way; From ev' - ry stain it will a - tone, And bring to per-fect day.
2. What pain my sins have caused, To bleed and die for me; With-out thy blood I'm sure - ly lost, Oh let me come to thee.

THEY COME.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. They come, they come.... with loud.... ac - claim, The val - - ley e - - choes loud.... his fame.
Of Da - vid's line, ... His place... a throne, Be - hold.... he comes.... the chos - - en one.

2. Ho - san - - na to.... the Right - eous One,.... The time.... draws near, ... pre - pare.... the throne.
His name.... be called.... the Prince.... of Peace, He rules.... o'er sub - - jects num - - ber - less.

1. They come, they come with loud acclaim, They come, they come with loud acclaim, The valley echoes loud his fame, The valley echoes loud his fame.
Of David's line His place a throne, Of David's line, His place a throne, Behold, he comes, the chos-en one, Behold, he comes, the chos-en one.

2. Ho - san-na to the Righteous One, Ho-san - na to the Righteous One, The time draws near, prepare his throne, The time draws near, prepare his throne.
His name be called the Prince of Peace, His name be called the Prince of Peace, He rules o'er sub - jects num - berless, He rules o'er sub - jects num - ber-less.

1. Thou Bethlehem ci-ty art not the least Of Judah's high places of pow'r, For out of thee cometh the prince of our line, And this time is the chosen hour.

2. Je-ru-sa-lem, triumph, he comes to thee, Thy King in his humbler state, A-rise in thy beauty, O ci-ty most ho-ly, Come forth on his footsteps wait.

* From the "True Choir," by per.

HUNTER'S CHORUS.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Slumber no more, the dew-y morn is wak - ing, Haste e'er the sun shall a-rise behind the hills, Over the meadows strewn with tender daises,
2. Rise, O, a-rise! and shake off slothful slumbers, Join in the chase with your pulses beating high, Healthful and cheering is our rap-id riding,
3. Bounding a - long, the stag doth fly be-fore us, Fleet as the wind, a - cross the verdant field, What can compare to this for joy and vig-or,

CHORUS.

In - to the for - est and by the rippling rills.
Hark to the cho - rus! the hounds are in full cry. Tal - ly ho! Tal - ly ho! shouting tal - ly ho! To the baying of the hounds We will
What like the chase, doth such healthful pleasure give.

shout our Tal - ly ho! Tal - ly ho! Tal - ly ho! shouting Tal - ly ho! To the bay - ing of the hounds, We will shout our Tally ho!

COMINS. S. M.

WITH SPIRIT.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hark, thro' the courts of heaven, An - gel - ic voi - ces sound; He that was dead now lives a - gain; He that was lost, is found.

2. In countries far from home, On earth-ly husks who feed, Back to their Father's house, O Lord, Their wand'ring footsteps lead.

3. Then, at each soul's re - turn, The heavenly harp shall sound; He that was dead now lives a - gain; He that was lost, is found!

SKATER'S GLEE.*

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fast as the shadows glide, O - ver the ice we fly; Swift as the swallows ride; Un-der the storm-y sky;

2. Blu - est of skies a - bove, Smoothest of ice be - low, Bound to the steel we love, Ev - er and on we go;

3. Shouting our words of glee, Singing our songs of mirth, Hap-pi - er souls than we, Nev-er were found on earth,

* From the "Tonart," by permission.

Ev - er - y heart beat light, Ec - sta-cy rules the hour, Thousands of forms sweep by, Show-ing their graceful pow'r.

O - ver the gleaming floor, O - ver the fro - zen tide, Skimming the peopled floor, Mer - ri - ly now we glide.

On, like a pe - trel's flight, On, like the swift - est gale, On, like the fly - ing light, O - ver the ice we sail.

CHORUS.

Curl-ing, whirling, gliding, slid - ing, O - ver the ice we sail, Curl - ing, whirling, glid-ing, slid-ing, O - ver the ice we sail.

Curl-ing, whirling, gliding, slid - ing, O - ver the ice we sail, Curl - ing, whirling, glid-ing, slid-ing, O - ver the ice we sail.

ADVICE.

Words anonymous. J. H. RHEEM.

1. Take the o - pen air, The more you take the bet - ter; Fol - low na-ture's laws To the ver - y let - ter,

2. Free - ly ex - er - cise, Keep your spir - its cheer-ful, Let no dread of sickness Make you ev - er fear - ful.

Let the doc - tor go To the Bay of Bis - cay, Let a - lone the gin, The bran - dy, and the whis-key.

Eat the sim-plest food, Drink the pure cold wa - ter, Then you will be well, Or at least you ought to.

THANKS. H. M.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Give thanks to God most high,..... The u - ni - ver - sal Lord,
The sove - reign King of kings,.... ... And be his grace a - dored. His pow - er and

2. He saw the na - tions lie..... All per - ish - ing in sin;
And pi - tied the sad state..... .... The ru - ined world was in; Thy mer - - - cy,

grace.... Are still the same,.... And let..... his name have end - less praise.

Lord, ... shall still en - dure,.... And ev - - - er sure..... a - bides thy word.

THE HEART THAT IS LIGHT.

Solo. Words by BRENT. H. BADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS. *Fine.*

1. This world is full of song, The ver - y years are sing - ing, And a - ges sweep a - long, The grandest cho - rals sing - ing;
2. The world is full of glee, And in its dai - ly do - ing, With laugh-ter gay and free, Its path - way is be - strew-ing;
3. And so we join the strain, Our hearts to na - ture turn - ing, And mu - sic e'er shall reign, And per - fect our com-mun - ion:

D.C.

While echoes come and go, With sort of rythmic mo - tion, As ceas - less as the flow, Of deep - ly mur-mur-ing o - cean.
It finds the gold-en side, And sees the "sil - ver lin - ing," And clouds can nev - er hide The sun in beau-ty shin - ing.
Our lives shall be a hymn, And eov - er mighty pag - es, And though the stars grow dim, Shall sound thro' end-less a - ges.

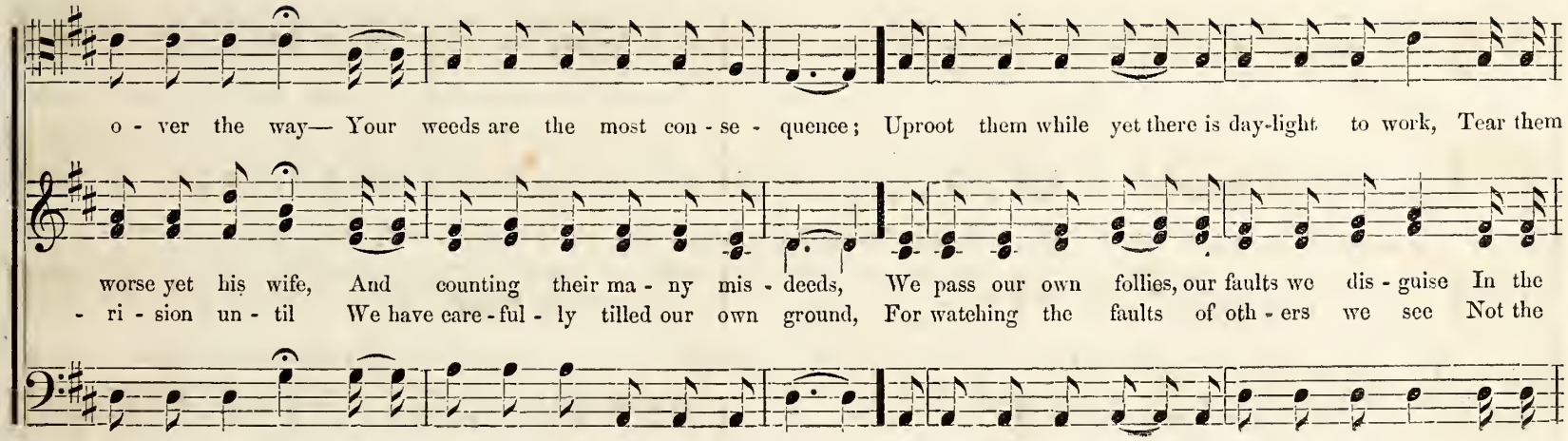
Chorus.

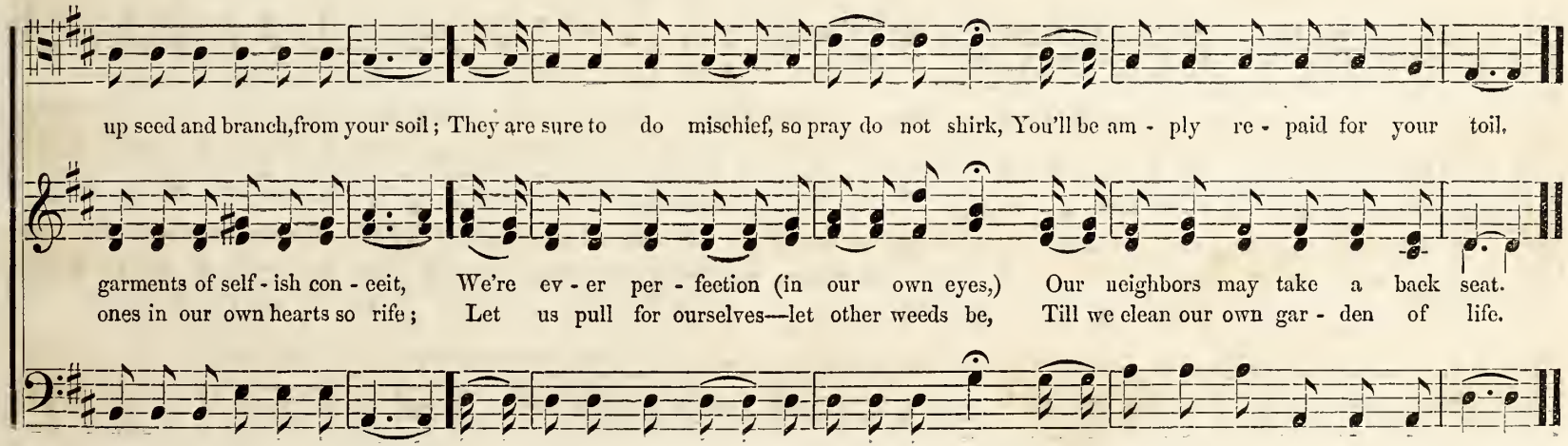
Then a shout for the heart that is light, And a song for the eyes that are bright, We will gladly bring, and we'll loudly sing, The day is better than night.

PULL YOUR OWN WEEDS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. If you've weeds in your garden, my dear friends, I pray Do not stand looking o - ver the fence, To your neighbor's do-mains just
2. The advice would ap - ply to the garden of life— 'Tis so sel-dom we see our own weeds— For watching our neighbors, or
3. Let us pull our own weeds, and work with a will, While yet there is one to be found, Nor point o'er the way in de -


o - ver the way— Your weeds are the most con - se - quence; Uproot them while yet there is day-light to work, Tear them
worse yet his wife, And counting their ma - ny mis - deeds, We pass our own follies, our faults we dis - guise In the
- ri - sion un - til We have care - ful - ly tilled our own ground, For watching the faults of oth - ers we see Not the


up seed and branch, from your soil; They are sure to do mischief, so pray do not shirk, You'll be am - ply re - paid for your toil.
garments of self - ish con - ceit, We're ev - er per - fection (in our own eyes,) Our neighbors may take a back seat.
ones in our own hearts so rife; Let us pull for ourselves—let other weeds be, Till we clean our own gar - den of life.

ALONE. C. M.

C. C. CASE.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear, It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fears.

2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast, 'Tis man - na to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

3. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King, My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac-cept the praise I bring.

TURN FROM THE WINE CUP.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

Inscribed to MR. & MRS. SIMON, of CANFIELD, OHIO.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Red is the wine, but there's death in its glow, Many the tears that it causeth to flow, Many the hearts that its serpent sting know,

2. Swift-ly Intemp'rance is luring a - way, Young men and old men whose hair has grown grey, Blind to the dangers that compass their way,

3. Un-der the Temperance banner we stand, Ask you to join us, u - nite with our band, Help sound the bugle call thro' all the land.

CHORUS.

Turn from it quick-ly, re - sign it to - day. Turn from the wine-cup, the sy-ren now leaving, It never can bring aught but

Heed not the ru - in that threatens them now. Turn from the wine cup, Turn from the

Fall - en hu - man - i - ty asks for our aid. Turn from the wine-cup, the sy-ren now leaving, It never can bring aught but

sor - row and grieving, So turn, to the right and to temperance cleaving, O come and enlist in the ranks of the free.

wine cup, turn from the wine cup, Death's in its glow.

sor - row and grieving, So turn, to the right and to temperance cleaving, O come and enlist in the ranks of the free.

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED. Comic.

1st. Voice.

1. A lit - tle farm well tilled, a lit - tle cot well filled, A lit - tle wife well willed, give me, give me. A short wife, a short wife,

2d. Voice.

2. A larg-er farm well tilled, a big - ger house well filled, A tall-er wife well willed, give me, give me. A tall wife, A

3d. Voice.

3. I like the farm well tilled, I like the house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me. No wife at all give

A short wife, a short wife, give me, give me, a short wife, a short wife, a short wife, a

tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, give me, give me, A tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, a

me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all, no wife at all, give me, give me, no wife at

short wife give me, give me. A lit - tle farm well tilled, a lit - tle cot well filled, A lit - tle wife well willed, give me, give me.

tall wife give me, give me. A lit - tle farm well tilled, a big-ger house well filled, A tall - er wife well willed, give me, give me.

all give me, give me. I like a farm well tilled, I like the house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.

AFTER VACATION.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The bright va - ca - tion hours are gone, We come to - geth - er here once more, With joy - ous greet - ings, teach-ers,
2. With hap - py hearts, with rest - ed minds, To stud - y we a - gain re - pair, And wise - ly to im - prove each
3. For youth is brief, and these bright years Will all too quick - ly fly a - way, So let us keep our re - cord
4. And when an - oth - er term shall close, We need not grieve o'er mis-spent days; But know our work has been well

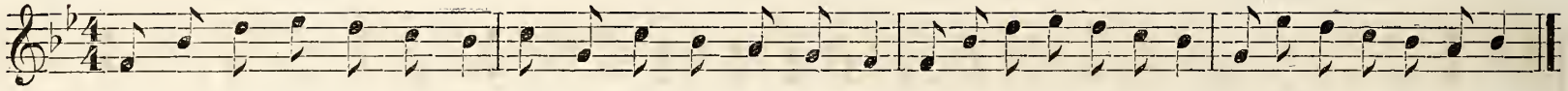
CHORUS.

friends, Just as we oft have come be - fore. Teachers, friends, and schoolmates, We greet you one and all,
hour, Shall be our ev - er con - stant care. Teachers, friends, and schoolmates, We greet you one and all,
fair, And so im - prove each pass - ing day. Teachers, friends, and schoolmates, We greet you one and all,
done, And part with song of joy and praise. Teachers, friends, and schoolmates, We greet you one and all,

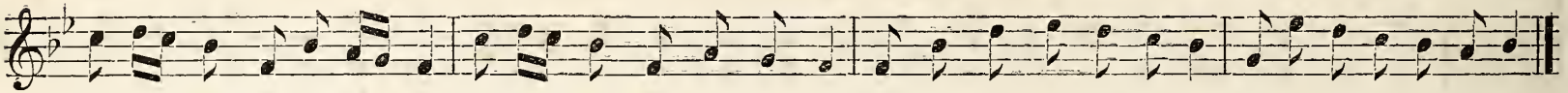
As we glad - ly, gai - ly, O - bey the wel - come call, Of the old, of the old school bell.

INDEPENDENCE DAY. (Comic.)

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

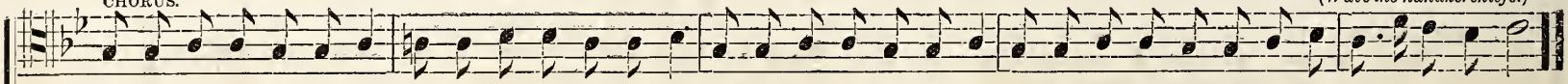


1. In - de - pendence day is here, Calm your souls, re - strain your fears; Aid us in our common cause, Help, O help to make a noise!
2. Grandma sit - ting all se - rene, Dear-est la - dy ev - er seen; On a sudden makes a noise, Shrieks aloud in wild a - maze;
3. Tow-ser rush - ing down the street, Hur-ries by with fly - ing feet, Fi-re crackers make him wail, When suspended to his tail.

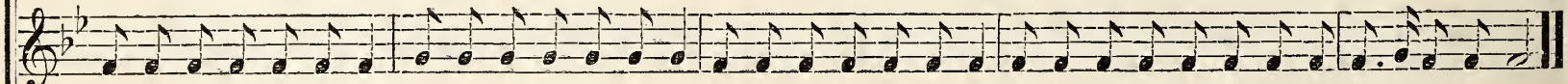


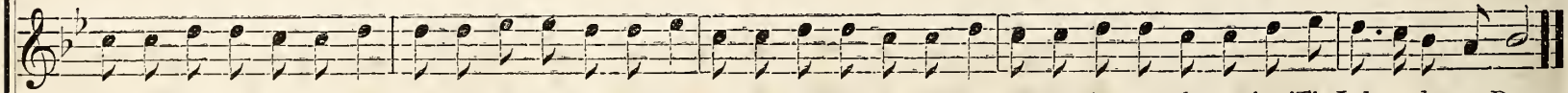
Bands of brass, and bands of tin, Add their mu - sic to the din; Thus we cel - e - brate the day, Thus our loy-al homage pay.
Young A - mer - i - ca, un - taught, Her to rev'-rence as he ought, Fi - res off his crackers there, Underneath her ea - sy chair.
Hor-ses dash - ing mad-ly by,— Matters not if some do die, Martyrs lend an add - ed ray To the glo - ry of the day.

CHORUS. (*Wave the handkerchiefs.*)



Ring the bells, and beat the drums; "Lo, th' conquering hero comes!" Roaring cannon, frantic boys, Any thing to make a noise, 'Tis Independence Day.





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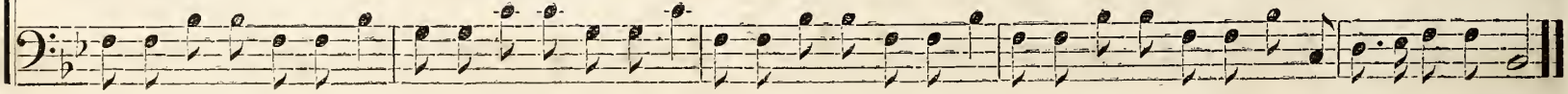


SPRING IS COMING.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

ALLEGRO.

1. The spring is coming, it is, it is; The spring is coming, it is, it is; The snow is melting a-way, The snow is melting a - way,
2. The spring is coming, it is, it is; The spring is coming, it is, it is; And flowers will soon be here; And flowers will soon be here:
3. The spring is coming, it is, it is; The spring is coming. it is, it is; Let ev - e - ry heart rejoice; Let ev - e - ry heart re - joice;

And birds which fled, when summer sped, For fields more bright and gay, Have come again to their na-tive plains, To cheer us with their
With perfumes rare to fill the air, And bid our spir - its cheer; The ver - nal years once more will spring, The fruit trees all look
Let eve - ry tongue that ev - er sang, Chime in with na - ture's voice; Bid gloomy care and dark despair, Send eve - ry ill a -

song, And they sit up - on the for - est tree, And sing there all day long, And sing there all day long.
gay, And the hills shall ring with songs we sing, This mer - ry A - pril day, This mer - ry A - pril day.
- way, And we'll seek re - lief from eve - ry grief, On na - ture's hol - i - day, On na - ture's hol - i - day.

APRIL FOOL. (Comic.)

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O what trickey spir - it, In or out of school, Dared in - vent this fashion, Hor - rid A - pril Fool!

2. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, Lasses, lads and all, Fall un - will - ing victims To the ty - rant's thrall.

3. There! there's some one crying! What a shriek of pain! Hur - ry! O do hur - ry! Bless me! Fooled a - gain!

4. So from ear-ly morning Till the shade of night, Some in - ven - tive genius Makes us cra - zy quite.

From the toddling ba - by To the grave pa - pa, All the world goes cra - zy, Heedless of all law.

Doorbells ring - ing mad - ly, Struck by un - seen hands,— What a world of patience A - pril Fool demands.

Look! your dress is burn - ing! Quick, you're all on fire! Can't you learn the les-son? A - pril Fool's a liar.

Such a trick - ey spir - it! Sub - ject to no rule, Mischiev - ous, torment - ing, Laughing A - pril Fool.

RIVER OF BEAUTY.*

Solo. Words by J. CLINT HARRIS. By permission. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Riv - er of Beau - ty! flowing a - long, Down thro' the green wav-ing meadow, Riv - er of Beau - ty! I list to thy
2. Riv - er of Beau - ty! years have rolled round Since I first roamed in thy wildwood, Si - lent - ly leav - ing their furrows a -
3. Riv - er of Beau - ty! thy sound dies a - way, Dies like the rain - bow at e - ven, Leaving sweet vis-ions of colors that

song, Floating a - round like a shad - ow. Long have I traced thy me - an- dering ways, Oft have I
- round, Many their chang - es since childhood. Sil - ver - y heads in the dust have bowed down, Youthful com-
stray, Tinged with the soft hues of heav - en. Murmurs that lin - ger in peace or in strife, Sounds that shall

sailed o'er thy bil - low, Down where it kiss - es with bright, laughing face, Leaves of the low drooping wil - low.
- pan - ions are flow - ing O - ver the green of the churchyard lawn, Many new mounds are now grow - ing.
haunt us for ev - er, Soft'ning the sor - row and sadness of life, Beau - ti - ful joy - giv - ing Riv - er.

Chorus.

Riv - er of Beau - ty! flowing a - long, Down thro' the green wav - ing mead - ow,
Riv - er of Beau-ty! flowing a - long, Down thro' the green wav - ing mead - ow,

Riv - er of Beau - - ty! I list to thy song, Floating a - round like a shad - ow.
Riv - er of Beau - ty! I list to thy song, Floating around like a shad - ow.

Published in sheet form with piano accompaniment by W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, Ohio.

DREAMING OF THE OLD HOME.

R. A. KINZIE.

QUARTETTE.

1. Ah, here it is, that dear old place, Unchang'd thro' all these years; How like some sweet famil - iar face, My childhood's home appears.
2. Re - gardless how the years have flown, Half won-der-ing I stand; I catch no fond, endearing tone, I clasp no friend-ly hand.
3. What though the sunbeams fall as fair, What tho' the flowing, flow'rs Still shed their fragrance on the air With-in life's gold - en hours.

The grand old trees beside the door, Still spread their branches wide; The riv - er wanders as of yore, With sweet-ly murm'ring tide.
I think my Mother's smiles to meet, I lisp my Father's call; I pause to hear my Brother's feet, Come bounding thro' the hall.
The lov - ing ones that cluster'd here, These walls may not restore; Voices that fill'd my youthful ear, Will greet my soul no more.

The dis-tant hills look green and gay, The flow'rs are blooming wild; And ev' - ry thing looks glad to-day, As when I was a child.
But si - lence all around me reigns, A chill creeps thro' my heart; No trace of those we love remains, And tears for-bidden start.
And yet I quit that dear old place, With slow and ling'ring tread; From which each dear familiar face, For - ev - ermore has fled.

RAIN DROP CHORUS.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Wind Sprites

1. The beau-ti-ful frolic-some fairies, That dwell in the Kingdom of Rain, Have challeng'd their neighbors the To meet them in revel a - gain.

2. They rush thro' the tow-er-ing forest, The merriest win-som-est throng, They dance in the beautiful valley, With laugh and with shout and with song.

3. They tap on the window, O hear them! They rush at the opening door, Then laugh at our hurried retreating, Grow wilder than ever be - fore.

4. O mis - chievous Raindrop Fairies! That hide in the cloud and the foam, Laugh on, but we never shall fear you When safe in the temple of home.

CHORUS.

Listen, listen, list-en, list-en, Hear the mer - ry fai - ries call - ing, Tinkling, dashing, foaming, falling, With an endless joy and glee.

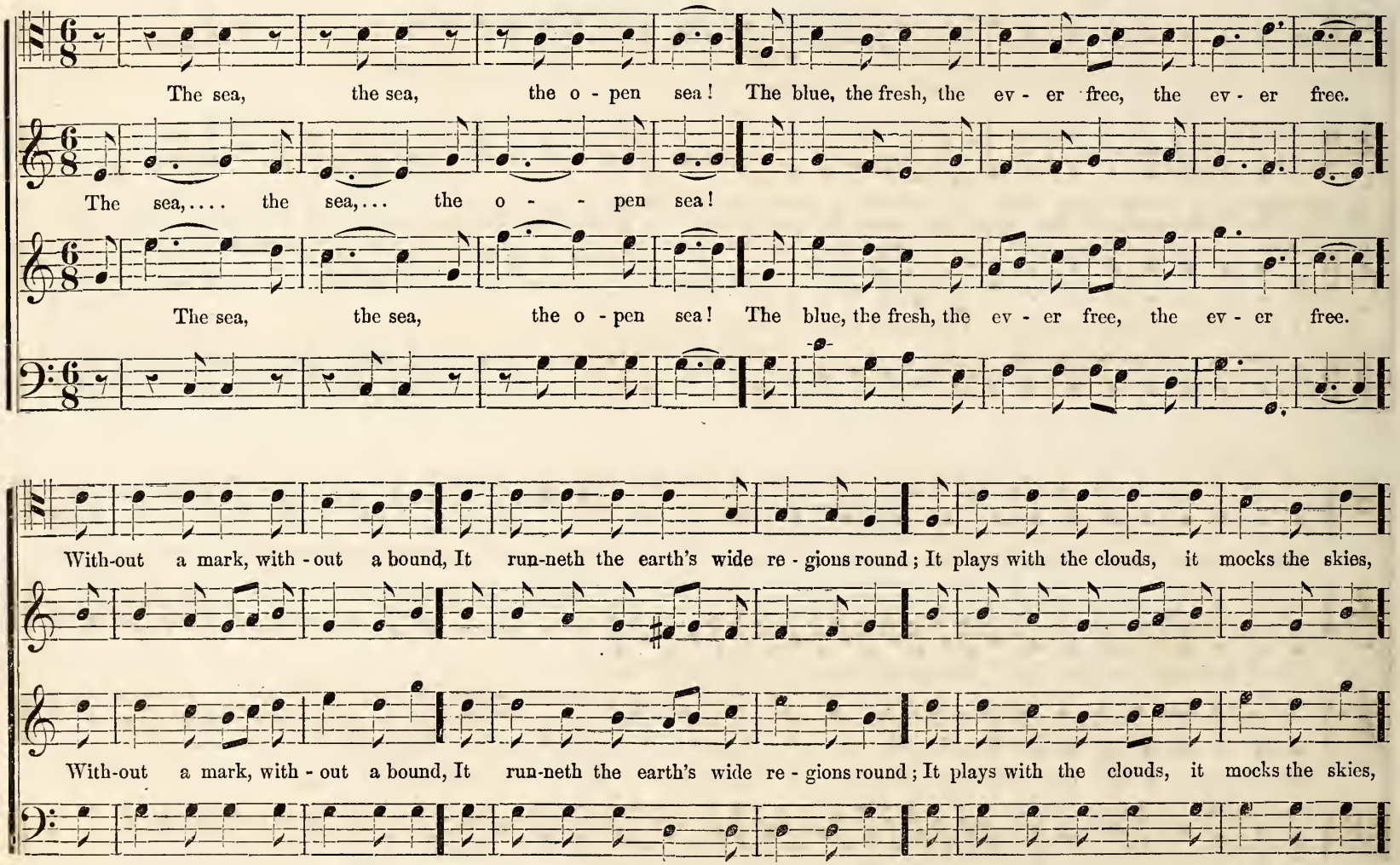
Pat pat pat pat pat pat pat pat, Patter patter patter patter patter patter patter patter.

Listen, listen, list-en, list-en, Hear the mer - ry fai - ries call - ing, Tinkling, dashing, foaming, falling, With an endless joy and glee.

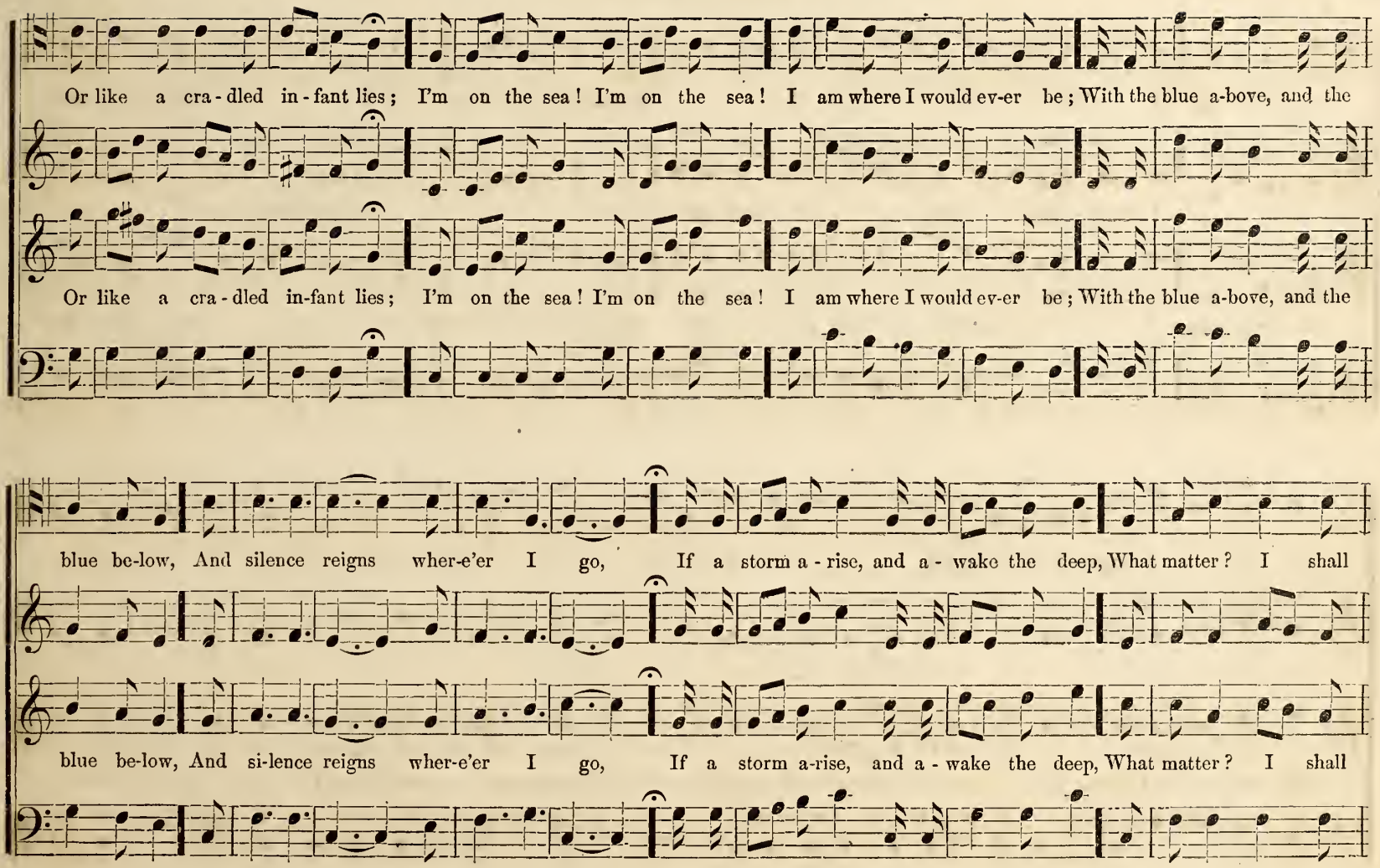
Pat pat pat pat pat pat pat pat, Patter patter patter patter patter patter patter patter.

I'M ON THE SEA. *

J. H. ROSECRANS.



* From the "Morning Star," by permission.


Or like a cra - dled in - fant lies; I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea! I am where I would ev-er be; With the blue a-bove, and the
Or like a cra - dled in-fant lies; I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea! I am where I would ev-er be; With the blue a-bove, and the
blue be-low, And silence reigns wher-e'er I go, If a storm a - rise, and a - wake the deep, What matter? I shall
G
blue be-low, And si-lence reigns wher-e'er I go, If a storm a-rise, and a - wake the deep, What matter? I shall

ride, and sleep, I shall ride, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep,.... shall ride, shall

I shall ride and sleep, ... I shall ride and sleep,..... shall ride and sleep,.....

ride, and sleep, I shall ride, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep, shall ride, shall

ride, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep, shall ride, shall ride, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep.

ride, shall ride and sleep.... shall ride and sleep.....

RIT.

ride, shall ride and sleep,.... shall ride and sleep, shall ride, shall ride, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep, shall ride and sleep.

STUMPTOWN.

Words by C. C. HASKINS. W. B. RICHARDSON.

1. Clear from Stumptown I have come, For to see a cit - y; And such hub - bub as I hear, Is a - maz - in' pit - y;
2. 'Fore the sun was up to - day, First I hear'n 'em cry in'; Out o' bed I jump'd ker-whop, Thinkin' they was dy - in',
3. I would think they'd go to work, Hire out a chop - pin, 'Stead o' driv - in' round the streets, Ev' - ry-where a stoppin',
4. Tell you what, I guess I'll go Back to fa - ther's clearin,' And I'll tell 'em all to hum, What I been a hear-in',

Folks as thick as tangled grass, In the streets a yel-lin', Like their throats was made of oak, Ev' - ry thing a sel-lin',
Where on earth they all come from, Where they eat their din-ner, Seems to me most tar - nal strange, Sure as I'm a sin-ner,
'Pears to me I'd ra - ther mow, In the ber - ry stubble, Than to yell the way they do— Such a might - y trouble.
And I'll bet they'll say I lie, Or been drink-in' bitters, If I tell 'em how they yell; All these noi - sy crit-ters.

1st voice. Go to 2d voice.

Char - coal!..... Char - - - coal! Char - - coal! Char - - coal!
Fresh lamb,..... fresh lamb, fresh lamb, fresh lamb,
2d voice. Lake ice,..... lake ice, lake ice, lake ice,
New milk,..... new milk, new milk, new milk, Go to 3d voice.

Pep - per pot, pip - ing hot, Chick - en in my pep - per pot.....
Roast - ing ears, roast - ing cars, como and buy my roast - ing ears.....
Her - ald, Times, Her - ald, Times, Tri - bune, last e - di - tion here.....
3d voice. Ham - burg cheese, Ham - burg cheese, Buy a lit - tle Ham - burg cheese. Go to 4th voice.

Clams and bay oys - sters new - ly come in; Buy of me, shure a good din - ner you'll win.
Tur - nips and rad - ish - - es, take now your turn. But - ter - milk fresh from the dai - ry - man's churn.
Here's your late i - tems of news from the war. Here's a great ac - ci - dent on the mule car.
Or - an - ges, lem - ons, and pine - ap - ples too, Ap - ri - cots, nec - tar - ines, five cents for two.
4th voice. Go to 1st voice.

Huc - kle - ber - ries, black - ber - ries, huc - kle - ber - ries, black - ber - ries.
Wa - ter - mel - ons, musk - mel - ons, wa - ter - mel - ons, musk - mel - ons,
Sweet po - ta - toes, im - a - gees, sweet po - ta - toes, im - a - gees.
Grind your scis - - sors, grind your knives, grind your raz - or, grind your knife.

* From "The Euterpia," by permission.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.*

J. H. TENNEY.

1. God of the na - tions, hear us, And make the fee - ble strong; Our songs of glad thanksgiv - ing, To thy great name be - long;
2. Armed with the sword of Jus - tice, And grasping truth's bright shield; In heav'n our fa - thers trust - ed, To bid op - press-ion yield;

3. Thou, by whose in - spi - ra - tion, Brave tho'ts and deeds have birth, Whose piercing eye il - lu - mines The darkness of our earth;
4. Proud - ly our country's ban - ner, Waves o - ver land and sea; Oh may its stars shine bright-er, Our peo - ple all be free;

Loud, loud we'll swell the anthem, High, high our voi - ces raise,—Columbia's sons and daughters, Your guardian Rul - er praise.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Where beat the surg - es high, They stood in faith un - daunt - ed, Their watchword, "Liber - ty."

Breathe on each kindling spir - it, Pour down thy ho - ly light, So shall the flame of free - dom, Still burn di - vine - ly bright.
Oh, haste the glo - rious dawning, When wrong and strife shall cease, And ransomed mil - lions eeh - o, The an - gel's song of peace.

* From the "Tonart," by permission.

CHORUS.

Come, brothers, nev - er fal - ter, Join, sis - ters, heart and hand, Round freedom's sa - cred al - tar— Our own dear Fa - ther - land.

Come, brothers, nev - er fal - ter, Join, sis - ters, heart and hand, Round freedom's sa - cred al - tar— Our own dear Fa - ther - land.

DREAMING OF THEE.*

Words by FANNY CROSBY. Music by E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Thou art near me, ev-er near me, On thy snowy pin-ions fair, Thou art floating in the moonlight, Thou art sighing in the air;
2. Years have pass'd, and many changes Mark the old famil - iar spot, Where the evergreens are waving, O'er the sweet forget-me - nots;
3. Long and deep the lines of sorrow, Time has pencill'd on my brow; There is none like thee to guide me, None like thee to love me now;

* From the "Tonart," by permission.

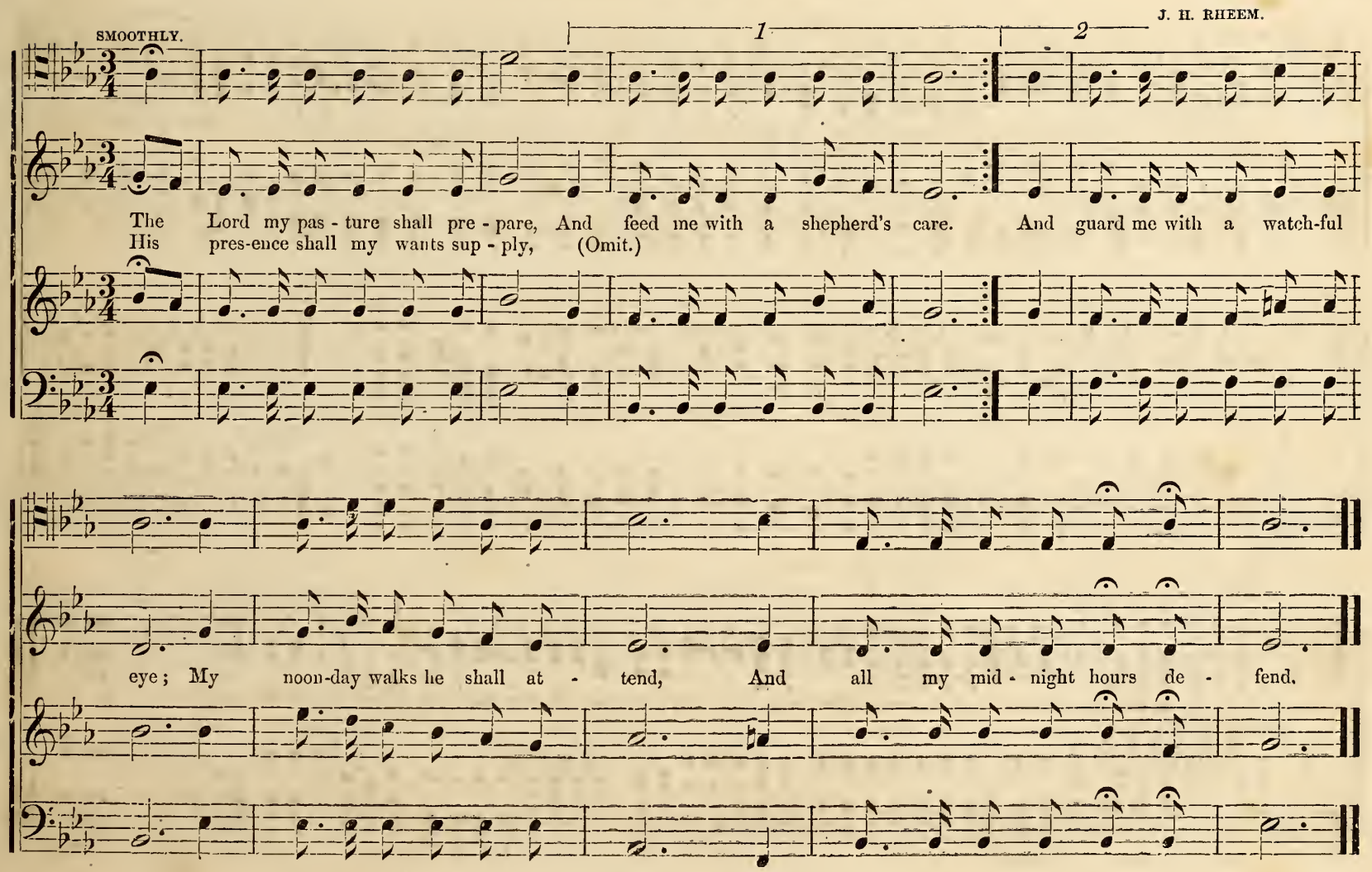
Like the murmur of a wavelet, When it ripples on the sea, Comes thy welcome voice, my mother, In a happy dream to me.
O the lit - tle mound is sa - cred, By a thousand ties to me, When I hear the spirit - ech-oes, In a happy dream of thee.
Dreaming, yes, my heart is dreaming, All my sun-ny childhood o'er; And the spirit - echoes whispers, We shall meet to part no more.

CHORUS. REPEAT CHORUS. *pp*

I am dreaming of thee, I am dreaming of thee, Mother, darling, thou art near me, ever near me, For I'm dreaming, yes, I'm [dreaming of thee.

I am dream - ing of thee, I am dream - ing of thee, I am dreaming ever dream - ing, I am dream - ing of thee.

I am dreaming of thee, I am dreaming of thee, Mother, darling, thou art near me, ever near me, For I'm dreaming, yes, I'm [dreaming of thee.


SMOOTHLY.
J. H. RHEEM.
1
2
The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care. And guard me with a watch-ful
His pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply, (Omit.)
eye; My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.*

T. F. SEWARD.

1. The doctors have been fighting long, On this pretense and that, But on this point they all a - gree, To laugh, to laugh will make us fat. Then laugh and we'll grow
2. Then banish all long fac - es now, Complaining and all that, And ev - er keep in mind this truth, To laugh, etc.

fat, Ha! ha! ha! Then laugh and we'll grow fat, Ha! ha! ha! Let doctors fight with all their might, We'll laugh Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Hel he! he! Now laugh, Once more, Now

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! What a merry, merry time With our laughing in rhyme, With our laughing, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! What a ha! Ha! ha! ha! all together, once again.

*From "Temple Choir," by permission.

FARMER'S SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The balm - y breath of Spring,.... is here;.... The face.... of na - ture smiles.... a - gain;....The
2. The days.... speed on ... with cease - - less song,.... The ten - der sum - mer comes... once more, The
3. The pur - ple Au - tumn reign - eth now,.... The for - est trees.... are bright.... with bloom, The
4. The win - ter com - eth hard.... and cold,.... The dash - ing brooks grow still.... a - gain,....The

1. The balm-y breath of Spring is here, The balm-y breath of Spring is here, The face of nature smiles again, The face of nature smiles again; The
2. The days speed on with ceaseless song, The days speed on with ceaseless song, The ten-der summer comes once more, The ten - der sum-mer comes once more, The
3. The pur - ple Au - tumn reigneth now, The pur - ple Au - tumn reigneth now, The for-est trees are bright with bloom, The for-est trees are bright with bloom, The
4. The win - ter com - eth hard and cold, The win - ter com - eth hard and cold, The dashing brooks grow still again, The dashing brooks grow still again, The

ice - bound riv - er float - eth free,.... The song.... of birds.... is in..... the glen;....
wav - ing grain.... is bright.... with gold,.... The sun - shine falls.... a - cross.... the floor;....
soft.... wind sings.... a sad - dened song,.... As though.... it passed.... a - bove... a tomb;....
flow - ers lie..... in graves.... of snow,.... We hear.... no bird - - song from.... the glen;....

ice-bound riv-er floateth free, The ice-bound riv - er float-eth free, The song of birds is in the glen, The song of birds is in the glen;
waving grain is bright with gold, The waving grain is bright with gold, The sunshine falls across the floor, The sunshine falls a-cross the floor;
soft wind sings a sadden'd song, The soft wind sings a sadden'd song, As tho' it passed a-bove a tomb, As tho' it passed a - bove a tomb;
flow-ers lie in graves of snow, The flow-ers lie in graves of snow, We hear no bird-song from the glen, We hear no bird-song from the glen;

CHORUS.

It is the seed - time of the year, We sing with joy "the spring is here." For, O there's no life that is
And from the fields the reap - ers come, And sing with joy their "harvest home." For, O, &c.

The good gifts of the dear old year Are gath - ered home, the end is near. For, O, &c.
But the farmer's heart is glad and free, And the days go by right mer - rily. For, O, &c.

half so free, ha, ha, ha, A farmer's life is the life for me, ha, ha, ha, A farmer's life is the life for me.

half so free, ha, ha, ha, A farmer's life is the life for me, ha, ha, ha, A farmer's life is the life for me.

BANNER OF BEAUTY.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Beautiful flag of the brave and free, Emblem of hope and lib - er - ty, Gladly we hail thee floating far, Beautiful flag of the stripe and star.
2. Heroes have lain with their dying eyes, Gazing with love on thy gorgeous dyes, Floating above the gloom of war, Beautiful flag of the stripe and star.
3. Dear to Columbia's true and brave, O'er the land, and o'er the wave, Gladly we hail thee floating far, Beautiful flag of the stripe and star.

CHORUS.

Ban - ner of beau-ty, Ban - ner of beau-ty, Dear emblem of the free, Ban - ner of beau-ty, Ban - ner of beau-ty, Bright flag of lib-er - ty.

COMING HOLIDAYS.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON, OTTO SCHMIDT.

Fine.

1. The hap - py hours of school - life Are speeding swift - ly on; The term is al - most end - ed, Our work will soon be done.
D.C. The mer - ry, mer - ry holi - days Are drawing, drawing near, And then farewell to books awhile, They're almost, al - most here.
2. Work on, O friends and school-mates, For toil is ev - er blest; The hard - er is the la - bor, The sweet - er is the rest.
3. Then work with dou - ble vig - or, The time will not be long, The days will soon pass o - ver, So cheer the hours with song.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

And then for va - ca - tion! Hur-ra, hur - ra, hur - ra! And then for va - ca - tion, Hur - ra, hur - ra, hur - ra!

OUR BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN HOME.

Arranged from S. GLOVER.

Solo. 2d Voice.

1. Our beauti - ful mountain home,'Mid the hills that in splendor rise, Their base by the riv-er's foam,And their crown in the sunny skies;
2. The plain and the grassy mead, May do for the sun-ny west, But give us our hills so dear, Our home on the mountain crest,

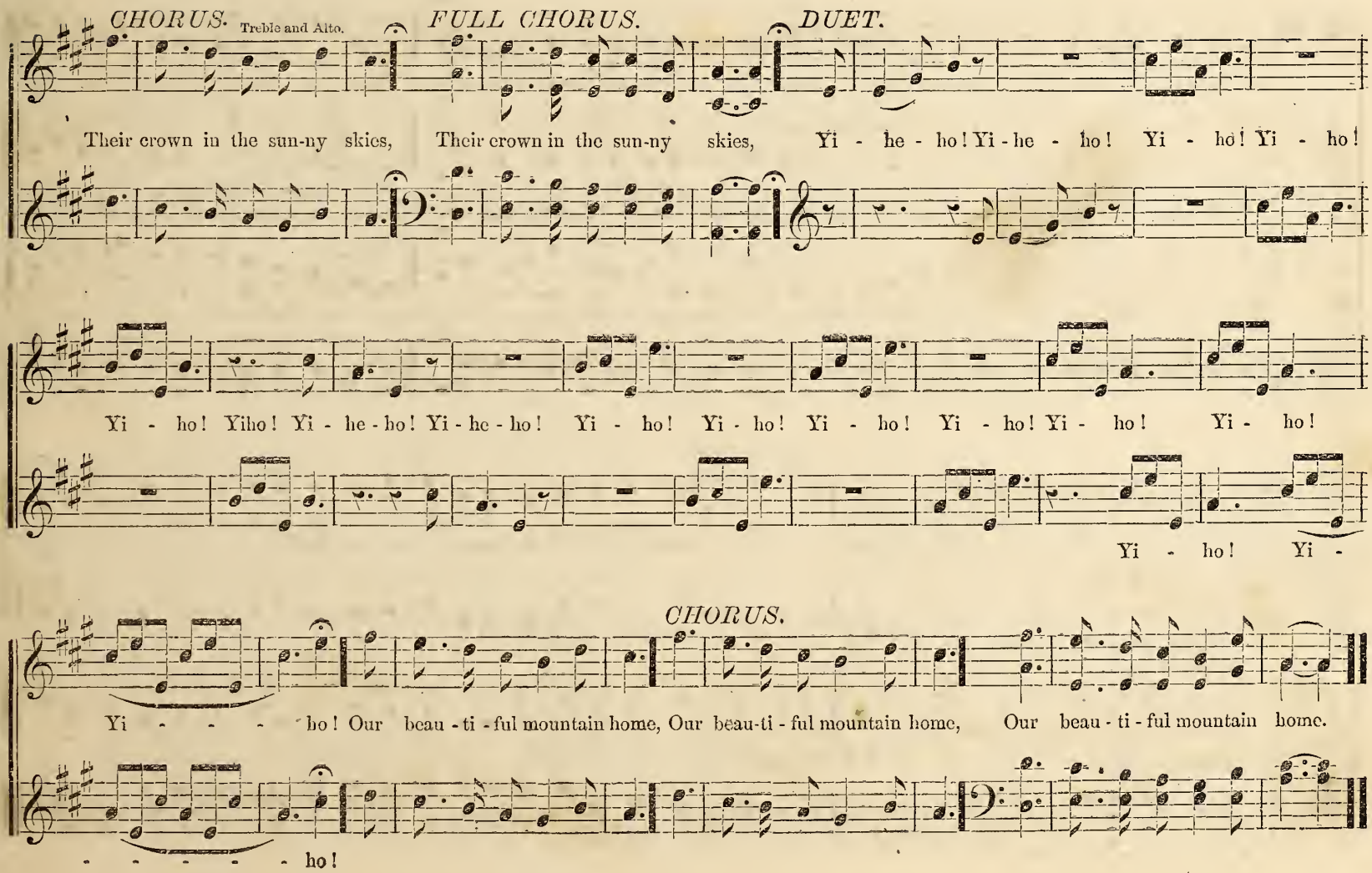
1st Voice.

Oh! where is the spot of earth... So dear to the mountain child, As the hills where his hopes had birth, And the
There's freedom,there's life and health,.... On the hills where the breezes blow, And we crave not the ci - ty's wealth, Where such

streams that his youth be - guiled, As the hills where his hopes had birth, And the streams that his youth be - guiled.
rich - es as these we know, We crave not the ci - ty's wealth, Where such rich - es as these we know.

DUET.

Then, oh! for our mountain home, 'Mid the hills that in splendor rise, Their base by the riv - er's foam, Their crown in the sun-ny skies.


CHORUS. Treble and Alto.
FULL CHORUS.
DUET.
Their crown in the sun-ny skies, Their crown in the sun-ny skies, Yi - he - ho! Yi - he - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho!
Yi - ho! Yiho! Yi - he - ho! Yi - he - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho! Yi - ho!
Yi - ho! Yi -
CHORUS.
Yi - - - - ho! Our beau - ti - ful mountain home, Our beau-ti - ful mountain home, Our beau - ti - ful mountain home.
- - - - - - ho!

DASH THE WINE-CUP AWAY.*

Words by WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH. E. ROBERTS.

1. Dash the wine-cup away! tho' its sparkle shall be More bright than the gems that lie hid in the sea; For a syren unseen, by thine eye lurketh there,
2. Wher - ev - er the cup of con-fu-sion is poured, In the cel-lar of Want or at Lux - ury's board, From palace and cottage, from hovel and hall,
3. Then rally! then rally! ye wise and ye good, Come up in your str'gth and roll back the dark flood, Ere your treas ures are wreck'd in its desolate path,
4. Ere the woe shall be ours which smote Ephraim of old, And our glory shall be like a tale that is told, And the wolf, coming back to our cities shall howl,

CHORUS.

Who would lure thee thro' pleasure to woe and despair. Then dash, dash the wine-cup, 'tis death to delay, Be a man while you can, dash the wine-cup away.

A wail go-eth up to the Fa - ther of all!
As it sweeps o'er your homes in its ter - ror and wrath.

To the mourn - ful - ler cry of the bit - tern and owl. Then dash, dash the wine-cup, 'tis death to delay, Be a man while you can, dash the wine-cup away.

* From the "Tonart," by permission.

Words by MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. LESLIE.

1. Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Mu - sic, sweet music floats up - on the air! Ris - ing and fall - ing,
2. Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Mu - sic, enchanting greets the wait - ing ear! Beau - ti - ful, ho - ly,
3. Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Lis - ten! O lis - ten! Voi - ces of angels bless the wea - ry soul; Hap - pi-ness bring - ing,

CHORUS.

joy - ous - ly call - ing! Come, come away, and be glad to - day. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, ris - ing and fall - ing,
soft - ly and slow - ly, Spir-it of love from the world a - bove.
with their sweet sing - ing, Mu-sic of heav'n to our hearts be giv'n.

Mu - sic, O hear we now thy gen - tle call: Soothing and cheering, oft when sad and weary; May we hear thy welcome voice forev-er -more.

PICNIC SONG. (With Echo.)

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The summer in her beauty's pride Has crown'd the distant hills; Her glory rests on all the land, On lakes and laughing rills.
2. The forest aisles are green and cool, We rest beneath the trees Which spread above our youthful heads, Their leafy can - o - pies.

La la la la

ECHO. (outside.) ECHO. ECHO. ECHO. ECHO.

Hallo, hallo, hal - lo, Hallo, hallo, hal-lo. Hallo, hallo, hal - lo, Hal - lo, Hallo, Hal-lo, Hallo, Hal-lo, hallo, hal - lo, Hallo, hallo, hal - lo.

Hallo, hallo, hal - lo, Hallo, hallo, hal-lo, Hallo, hallo, hal - lo, Hal - lo, Hallo, Hallo. Hallo, Hallo, hallo, hal - lo, Hallo, hallo, hal - lo.

THE MINSTREL.

SOLO.

1. The minstrel saw, as damp the night descended, From far the taper's cheering ray, Then seized his lute with hasty hand and entered, Where friendship's smiles invite his stay.
2. Sweet were the songs that graced the happy meeting, And filled the friends with true delight, He sung of sweet domestic, social pleasures, And bonds which friendly hearts u-nite.
3. With morning's dawn the joyous meeting ending, The minstrel wanders on his way, O'er forest glades, and mountains gaily singing, Till ech-o answers back the lay.

CHORUS.

H

The minstrel knew where sweetest roses brightly blow, The minstrel knew where fondest, truest bosoms glow, Yet must he with the earliest dawn of morning, O'er hill and dale a wand'rer go.

PARTING HYMN.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Inscribed to Mr. & Mrs. PORT, of MONROE, IOWA.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.

1. A - las that we must part, Friends who have been so dear; Be still each heav - y heart, There yet are words of cheer, Per -
2. Our dear - est loves de - cay, On earth it must be so, Lest we for-get our heaven, In bliss of life be - low, So
3. For - get not all the joys, To - geth - er we have known; But let them still be dear, When part - ed and a - lone, And
4. It may be that the close Of life be seen by some: E'er meet-ing here a - gain, Our will - ing foot-steps come, Then

haps we'll meet a - gain, Once more u - nit - ed be.... Once more clasp kind-ly hands, Each oth - er's fa - ces see.
prone are hu - man hearts To wan-der far from God, That parting scenes must be, And paths of grief be trod.
sometimes let each one, Have tho'ts of prayey for those, The friends to whom the tide Of rec - col - lec - tion flows.
will our prayerful thoughts, Swift haste them on their way From earth-ly toil and care, To the Kingdom of the Day.

CHORUS.

1st time. *2nd time.*

{ Griev - ing so sad - ly, We whis - per farewell, While mourn-ful - ly slow-ly Now toll - eth the bell,
{ Tell - ing of partings, That ev - er must be, Till we through the darkness, Our Sav - iour shall see.

THE BLIND GIRL'S QUESTION.*

Words by ALICE CAREY.

MODERATO. 1st. VOICE. 2nd. VOICE.

1. I can hear the wa-ters flow - ing— To the sea they flow; I can hear the west-wind blow-ing, As they list they blow.
2. Tell me, thou who keep'st beside me, (For I can - not see,) If thou hold'st my hand to guide me, Where the ros - es be?
3. Oh! we cannot know the fleet - ness Of the wind that flies, Nor the billow's sil - ver sweetness, As they fall and rise.

BOTH VOICES.

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Like the blind girl we are go - - ing, Each of us to - day, While the streams of life are flow - ing,

RIT. AND DIM.

Sing-ing on their way, Sing - ing, singing, sing-ing on their way, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing on their way.

* From the "Song Crown," by per.

ANOTHER YEAR HAS ENDED.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Friends, anoth - er year has end - ed; Is our rec - ord fair and clear? Have we each done ev-ery du - ty? Has our time been well spent here?
2. Free from care and full of bless-ing, All the days that now are fled, Will the fu - ture beam as brightly Round each hap - py, youthful head?
3. Teachers who have loved and aid - ed As we trod in wis-dom's ways, Tender friends who've walked beside us All the hap - py, sun - lit days,

We must part, we say it sad - ly, Though the future seems most fair; Yet we know not what of sorrow The swift com-ing years may bear.
Will the pathways where we wan - der Be as fair as these have been? Ah, how ma - ny af - ter toil - ing, Life's green laurels e'er shall win!
We must part, in hope of meet-ing, Yet,—the fu - ture who can tell. Sing it sad - ly, sing it soft - ly, Dear loved friends farewell, farewell.

JESSIE. 8 & 7s.

J. H. RHEEM.

May the grace of Christ, our Sav - iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up-on us from a - bove.

Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord, And possess, in sweet commun-ion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

ALEDO.

S. W. MOUNTZ.

1. Ye praying souls re - joice, And bless your Fa - ther's name, With joy to him lift up your voice, And all his love pro - claim.

2. Your mournful cry he hears, He marks your feeblest groan, Supplies your wants, dispels your fear, And makes his mer - cy known.

3. To all his pray - ing saints He ev - er will at - tend, And to their sor-rows and complaints His ear in mer - cy bends.

4. Then let us still go on In His ap - point - ed ways, Re - joicing in his name a-lone, In prayer and hum-ble praise.

MEDITATION.

S. W. MOUNTZ.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. For - bid it Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a-maz-ing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VANITY. C. M. Double.

T. S. SLAUGHTER.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am, A

2. What should I wish or wait for then, From creatures, earth and dust? They make our ex-pectations vain, And dis - appoint our trust. Now

span is all that we can boast, A fleet - ing hour of time, Man is but van - i - ty, and dust, In all his flower and prime.

I re-sign my earth - ly hope, My fond desires re - call, I give my mor-tal int'rest up, And make my God my all.

INDIANOLA. 8s & 7s.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Shall we meet.... be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - - ges cease to roll, Where in all..... the bright for-
2. Shall we meet... in yon - der ci - ty, Where the towers... of crys-tal shine, Where the walls..... are all of
3. Shall we meet ... with many a loved one, That was torn.... from our em - brace? Shall we list - - en to their

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er..... shall press the soul? Shall we meet..... in that blest har - bor,
jas - per, Built by work - - man-ship di - vine? Where the mu - - sic of the ransomed,
voi - ces, And be - hold..... them face to face? Shall we meet..... with Christ our Sav - iour,

When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet.....and cast the anchor, By the fair .. ....ce - les-tial shore?
Rolls its har - - mo-ny a - round? And ere - a - - tion swells the chorus, With its sweet.... me-lodious sound.
When he comes.... to claim his own? Shall we know.....his blessed fa-vor, And sit down.... up-on his throne?

DELAY NOT. 11s.

ADAGIO.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near; The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee! No price is de - mand - ed, The Sav - iour is here, Re - dem - tion is pur-chased, Sal - va - tion is free.

2. De - lay not, de - lay not, Why long - er a - buse The love and com-pas - sion of Je - sus, thy God A foun - tain is o - pened, How canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his par-don-ing blood.

3. De - lay not, de - lay not, The spir - it of grace, Long grieved and re - sist - ed, May take its sad flight, And leave thee in dark - ness to fin - ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni-ty's night.

PRETTY BROOKLET.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Pretty brooklet, smoothly flowing, Thro' the meadow, down the hill, Sweet thy murmur, bright thy sparkle, None can thy good mission fill.

2. Pressing onward, do-ing du-ty, seems to be thy on - ly strife, All that lives a - long thy borders, Thou dost fill so full of life.

ELLA. 7s.

S. P. OSGOOD.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on our sight a-way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon, for me, the light of day, Shall for - ev - er pass a-way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

OFT AS THE BELL.

T. S. SLAUGHTER.

1. Oft as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks the de-par-ture of a soul, Let each one ask himself, "am I Prepared, should I be call'd to die."

2. On - ly my frail and fleeting breath Preserve me from the jaws of death; Soon as it falls, at once I'm gone, And plung'd into a world unknown.

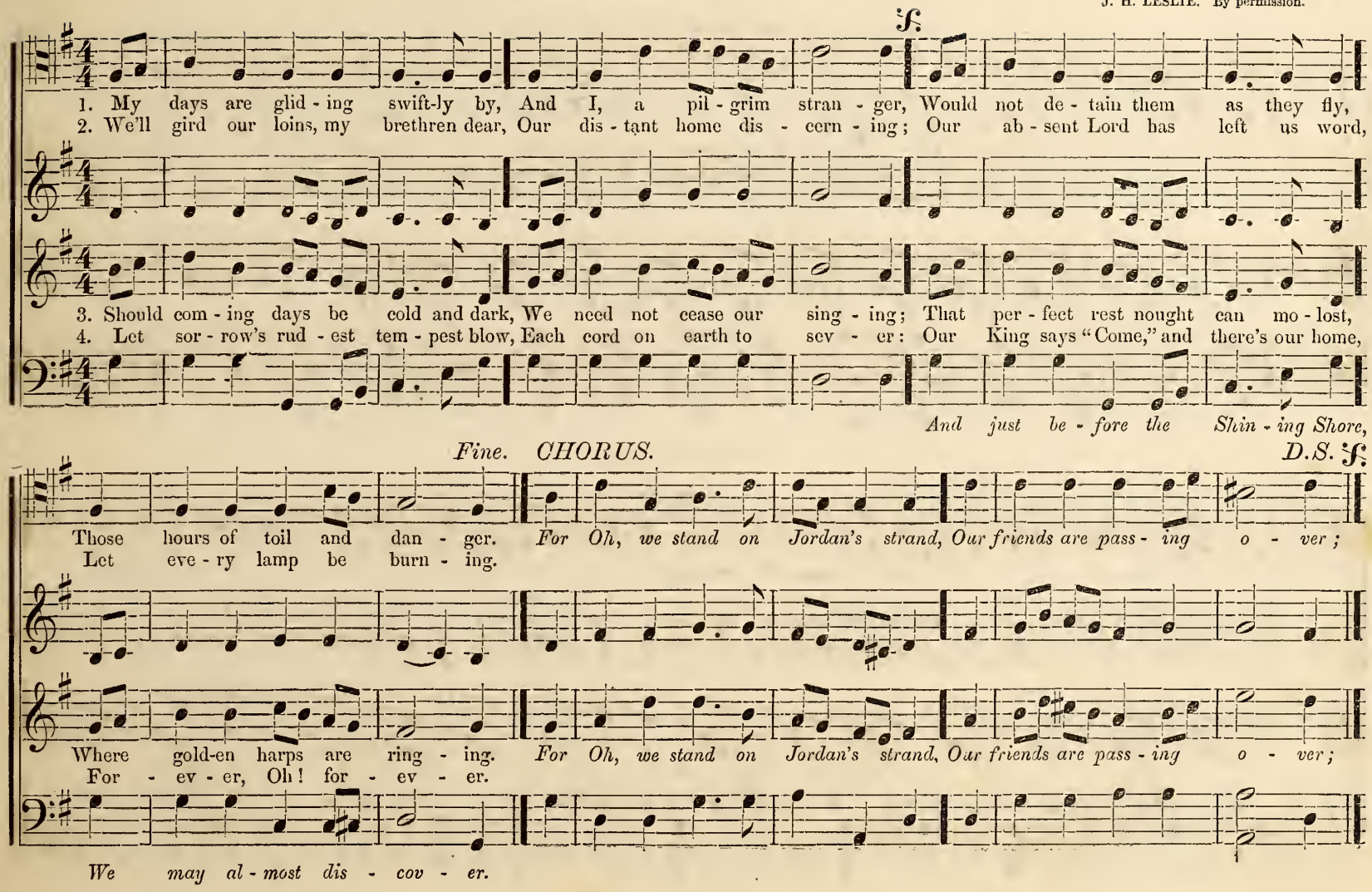
OTTUMWA.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. E - ternal source of eve-ry joy; Well may thy praise our lips employ; While in thy tem-ple we appear, To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

2. Here in thy house let incense rise, And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, Till to those lof-ty heights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

J. H. LESLIE. By permission.



ONLY WAITING. (Alto Solo.)

DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE WAYNICK, CHARITON, IOWA.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle longer grown, On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown,
2. On - ly waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home, For the summer time is faded, And the Autumn winds have come;
3. On - ly waiting till the angels O - pen wide the mystic gate, At whose feet I long have lingered, Weary, poor and des - o - late;

Till the night of earth is fad-ed From the heart once full of day, Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
Quick-ly, reapers! gath-er quick-ly The last ripe hours of my heart, For the bloom of life is withered, And I hasten to de - part.
E - ven now I hear the footsteps, And their voices far a - way; If they call me, I am waiting, On - ly waiting to o - bey.

ALLEGRO. J. H. RHEEM.

1. I love the mer - ry sunshine, It makes my heart so gay To hear the sweet birds sing - ing On gold - en summer day, With

2. I love the mer - ry sunshine, Thro' dew - y morning thrown, With ro - sy smiles ad- vane - ing like beau - ty from her bower : It

wildwood notes of du - ty From every bush and tree. The sunshine is all beauty, The merry,merry sun for me, for me, The merry,merry sun for me, The

charms the soul in sadness, It sets the spir-it free. The sunshine is all beauty, The merry,merry sun for me, for me, The merry,merry sun for me, The

1 2

merry, mer-ry sun, The merry, mer-ry sun, The merry, merry sun for me, for me, The merry, merry sun for me, for me.

merry, mer-ry sun, The merry, mer-ry sun, The merry, merry sun for me, for me, The merry, merry sun for me, for me.

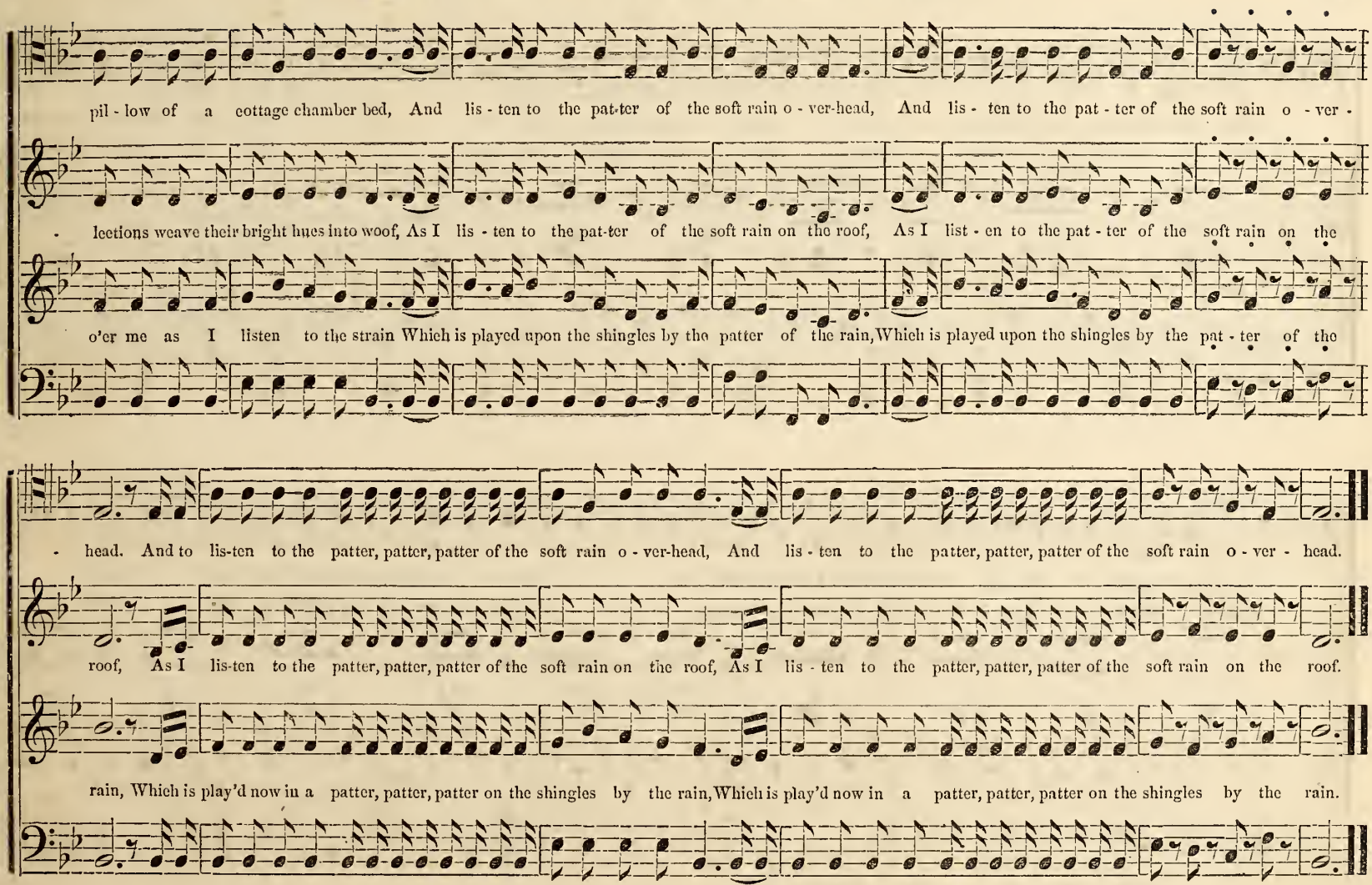
RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Words by KINNEY. J. H. RHEEM.

1. When the showery vapors gath-er o - ver all the starry spheres, And the melancholy darkness gen - tly weeps in rain - y tears, 'Tis a joy to press the

2. Ev - ery tinkle on the shingles has an ech - o in the heart, And a thousand dreary fan-cies in - to bu - sy be-ing start; And a thousand rec - ol -

3. There in fan - cy comes my mother, as she used to years agone, To sur - vey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn. I can see her bending


pil - low of a cottage chamber bed, And lis - ten to the pat-ter of the soft rain o - ver-head, And lis - ten to the pat - ter of the soft rain o - ver -
- lections weave their bright hues into woof, As I lis - ten to the pat-ter of the soft rain on the roof, As I list - en to the pat - ter of the soft rain on the
o'er me as I listen to the strain Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain, Which is played upon the shingles by the pat - ter of the
- head. And to lis-ten to the patter, patter, patter of the soft rain o - ver-head, And lis - ten to the patter, patter, patter of the soft rain o - ver - head.
roof, As I lis-ten to the patter, patter, patter of the soft rain on the roof, As I lis - ten to the patter, patter, patter of the soft rain on the roof.
rain, Which is play'd now in a patter, patter, patter on the shingles by the rain, Which is play'd now in a patter, patter, patter on the shingles by the rain.

MAMIE WAS HER PAPA'S DARLING.*

Words by C. A. SHAW. Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. Ma - mie was her pa - pa's dar - ling, Sent by an-gels from a - bove, To our humble cottage dwell - ing, Hearts to cheer with hope and love; How she brighten'd all our sor - - rows,

2. Ma - mie was her pa - pa's dar - ling, But the change to us has come, And the an-gels now have whis - per'd Dar - ling this is not your home. And from us to join the cho - - rus,

p

* Published in sheet form by J. L. STEWART, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

When by toil and care oppress'd, When she lisp'd her pray'r at e - ven, Now I lay me down to rest.
Of bright angels round the throne, She has pass'd beyond the riv - er, There to sing her an - gel song.

CHORUS.

Slumber darling, sweetly slumber, While your spirit's home on high. Where the angels now have call'd you, We will meet you by and by.

Slumber darling, sweetly slumber, While your spirit's home on high. Where the angels now have call'd you, We will meet you by and by.

THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

Words by METHERWELL. J. H. RHEEM.

1. They come! the mer - ry, mer - ry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers; They come! the happy gladsome months that bring thick leaf-i-ness to bow'rs. Up,

2. The grass is soft, its pret-ty vel - vet touch is grate-ful to the hand, And like the kiss of sweetest maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland; The

up, my heart! and walk a-broad, fling cark and care a - side, Seek si - lent hills, or rest thy - self, where peaceful wa - ters

dai - sy and the but - ter - cup are nod - ding courteous - ly; It stirs their blood with kind-est love, to bless and welcome

glide; Or underneath the shadow vast of pa - tri - arch - al tree, Scan thro' its leaves the cloud-less sky in rapt tran - quil - i -

thee; And mark how with the pretty locks, As if in act I play— The bliss - ful breeze is wan - ton - ing, and whis - per - ing "be

ty. They come! the mer - ry, mer - ry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers; They come! the happy gladsome months that bring thick leaf-i - ness to bow'rs.

gay." They come! the mer - ry, mer - ry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers; They come! the happy gladsome months that bring thick leaf-i - ness to bow'rs.

QUARTETT. THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

Words from AMERICAN FIFTH READER.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. There are days of deepest sorrow In the sea - son of our life; There are wild, despairing moments; There are hours of mental strife,

2. Youth and love are oft im - patient, Seeking things beyond their reach; And the heart grows sick with hoping, Ere it learns what life can teach.

3. Yet, at last, we learn the les-son, That God knoweth what is best, And a si - lent res - ig - na-tion Makes the spir-it calm and blest;

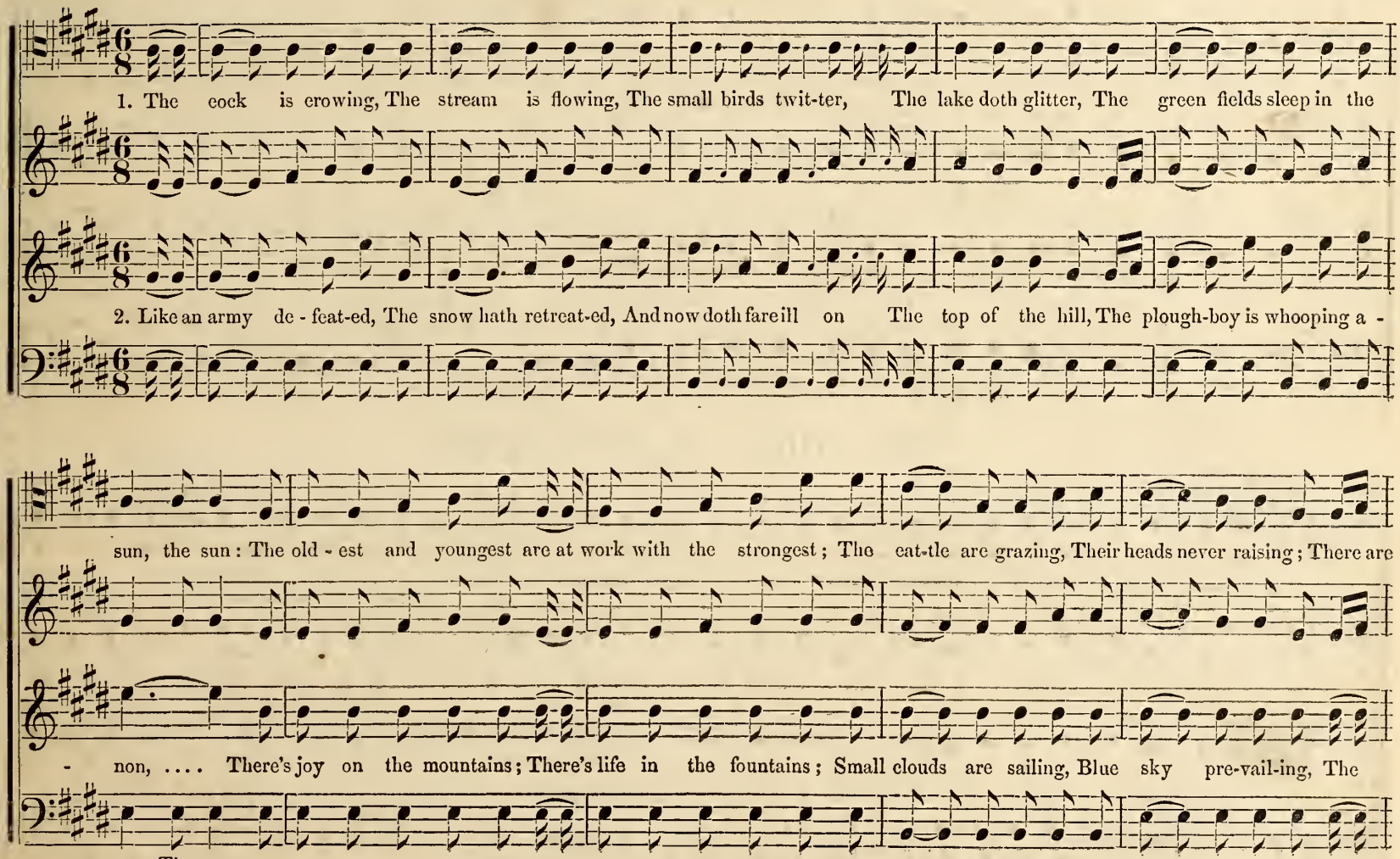
There are hours of sto - ny anguish, When the tears refuse to fall; But the waiting time, my brothers, Is the hard - est time of all.

For, be-fore the fruit be gathered, We must see the blossoms fall; And the waiting time, my brothers, Is the hard - est time of all.

For, perehance, a day is coming, For the changes of our fate, When our hearts will thank Him meekly, That he taught us how to wait.

MARCH.

Words by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. J. H. RHEEM.



for - ty feed - ing like one; ... There are for - ty feed - ing like one, like one, There are for - ty feed - ing like one.

like one, like one,

rain is o - ver and gone, The rain is o - ver and gone, ... The rain is o - ver and gone.

like one, like one,

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Words by SARAH ROBERTS. J. H. RHEEM.

LIGHT AND TRIPPING.

1. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; By the dust-y roadside, On the sun-ny

2. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; All round the open door, Where sit the

3. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; Here I come creeping, creeping every-where; My humble song of praise, Most joyful-ly

p

hill-side, close by the noi-sy brook, In eve-ry sha-dy nook, I come creeping, creeping every-where; creeping, creeping, creeping,

p

aged poor; Here where the children play, In the bright and merry May, I come creeping, creeping every-where; creep-ing, creeping, creeping,

p

I raise To him, at whose command I beau-ti - fy the land, I come creeping, creeping eve-ry-where; creeping, creeping, creeping,

p

creeping, creeping, creeping,

pp

creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping eve-ry-where, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping every-where.

creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping eve-ry-where, *pp* creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping every-where.

creeping, creeping eve - ry-where, ... creep-ing, creep-ing, creeping, creeping, creeping every - where.

creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping every-where, *pp* creeping, creep-ing, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping every-where.

GOOD BYE TO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

Words by J. J. MAXFIELD.

BELLINI.

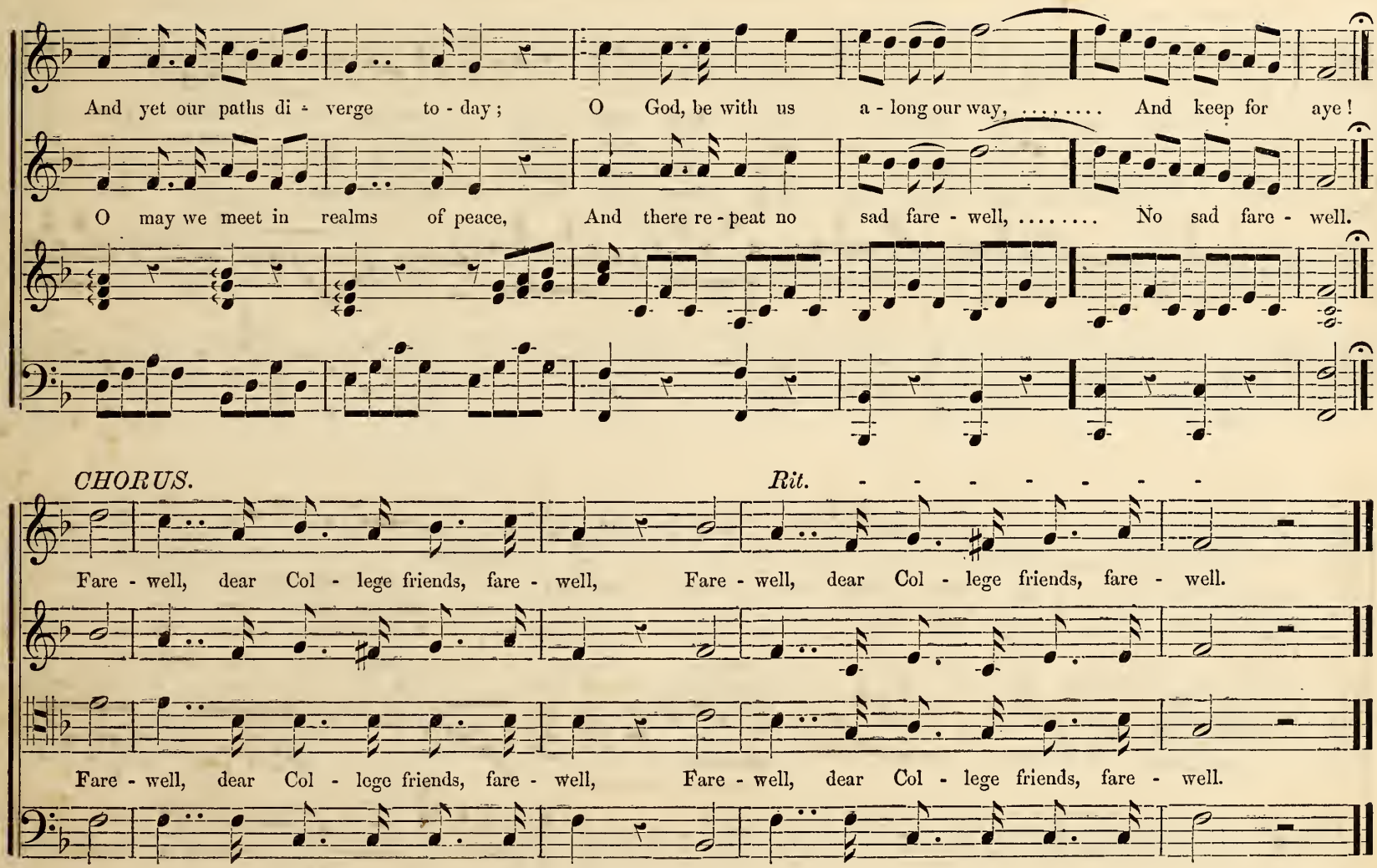
DUET.

1. The year is end - ed, and college days Will soon be numbered with days of yore, Some at that parting

2. Tho' years be ma - ny, and joys be few, Emp - ty and fad - ed, Life's morning dream, Yet Al-ma Ma - ter,

may meet no more,..... ... A - las! no more. The road to for - tune, who can tell?

we will be true,..... We will be true, And when re - un - ions here shall cease,

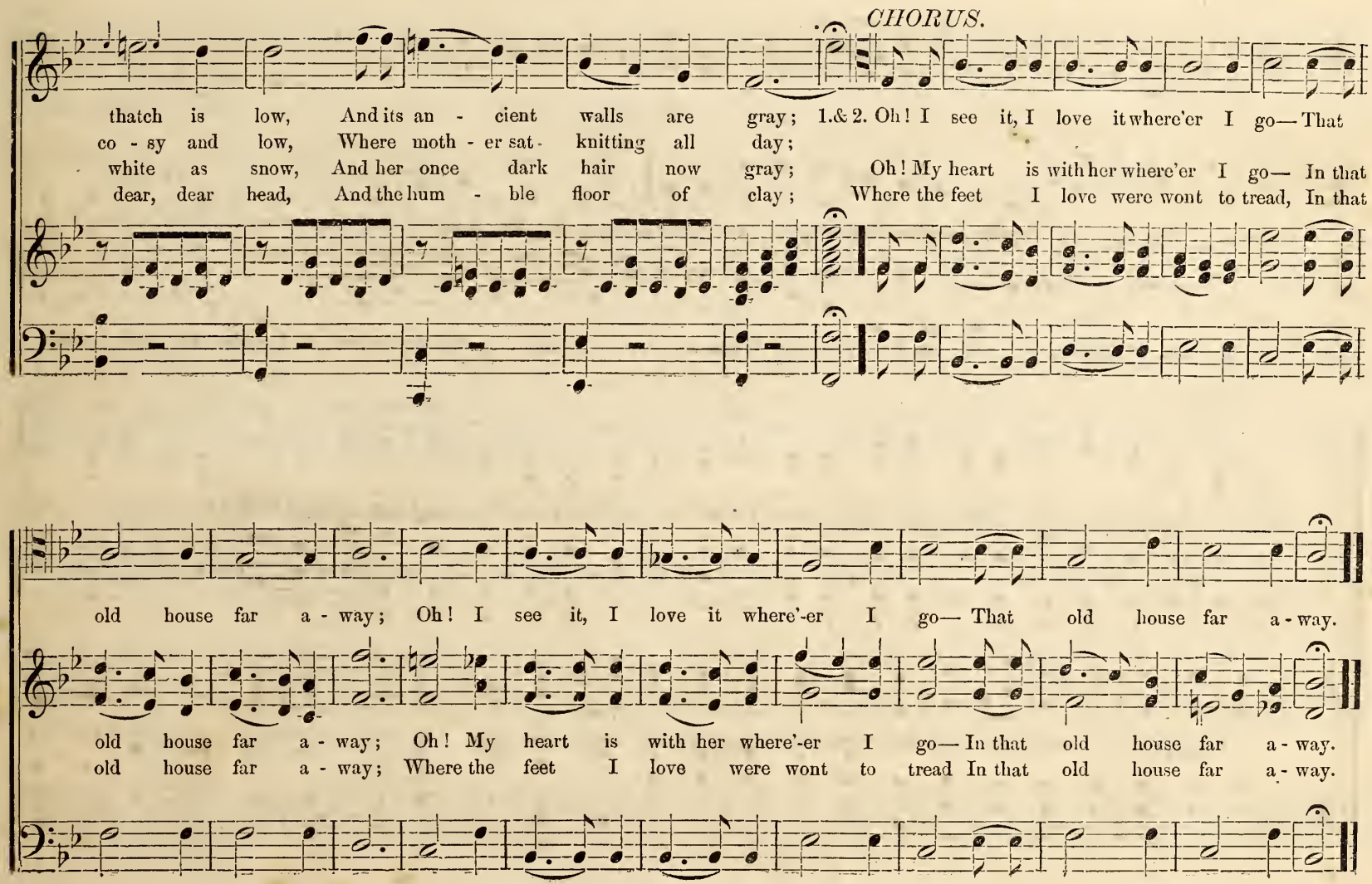

And yet our paths di - verge to - day; O God, be with us a - long our way, ... And keep for aye!
O may we meet in realms of peace, And there re - peat no sad fare - well, ... No sad fare - well.
CHORUS.
Rit.
Fare - well, dear Col - lege friends, fare - well, Fare - well, dear Col - lege friends, fare - well.
Fare - well, dear Col - lege friends, fare - well, Fare - well, dear Col - lege friends, fare - well.

OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

Written expressly for this work. OTTO SCHMIDT.

1. The wild birds war - ble, the silver - y rills Sing cheer - i-ly round the spot,.... And the peace - ful
2. The little clock ticks on the par - lor wall, Re - cord - ing the passing hours; And the pet ge -
3. Dear mother, how plain - ly I see her now, Re - clin - ing in that old chair,.... With the sun - set
4. Not all the treas-ures the world af - fords, The rich - es of land and sea, ... Not all the

shade of the pur - ple hills, Falls dim on my mother's cot;.... Its win - dows are small, and its
ranium grows rank and tall, With its bril - liant scar-let flowers; And the old.... straw chair so
rest - ing up - on her brow That once was smooth and fair;.... With her crimp - ed bor - der
wealth of earth's proud lords, Can blot from my mem-o - ry.... The roof that sheltered each


CHORUS.
thatch is low, And its an - cient walls are gray; 1.& 2. Oh! I see it, I love it where'er I go— That
co - sy and low, Where moth - er sat - knitting all day;
white as snow, And her once dark hair now gray; Oh! My heart is with her where'er I go— In that
dear, dear head, And the hum - ble floor of clay; Where the feet I love were wont to tread, In that
old house far a - way; Oh! I see it, I love it where'-er I go— That old house far a - way.
old house far a - way; Oh! My heart is with her where'-er I go— In that old house far a - way.
old house far a - way; Where the feet I love were wont to tread In that old house far a - way.

HA! HA! WE'VE STEMM'D THE STREAM.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

1st Voice.

Ha! ha! we've stemm'd the stream, A thousand years a - long Thy stormy course, O Time! Some - times in lightning's

2d Voice.

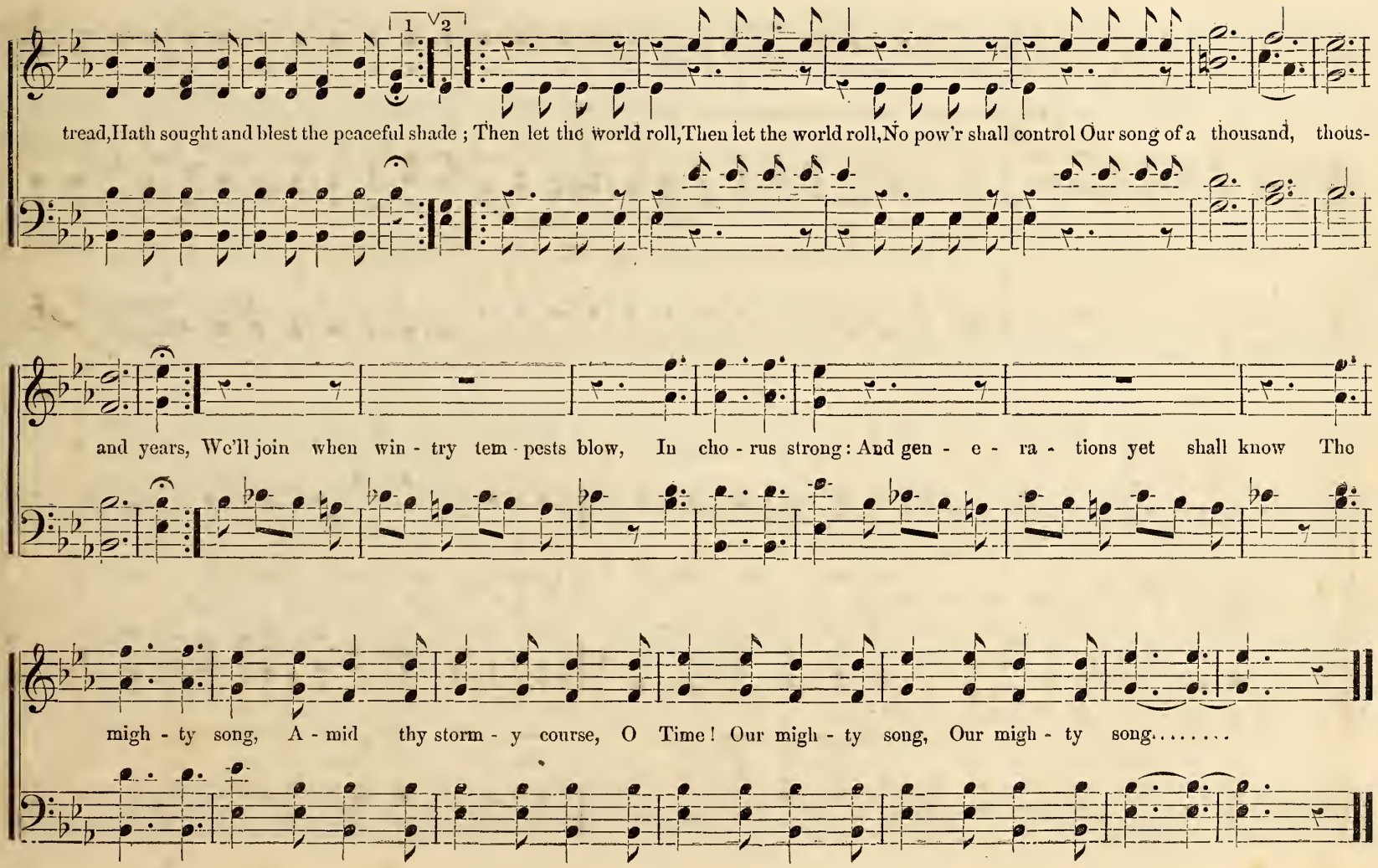
gleam, And the water's rousing song, And thunder crash sub - lime. From mem'ry long have fa - ded, The na - tions of our childhood, And

all the works of man ... In dust have laid, While we ... ex - ult - ing toss our crown of branches hale and free.

CHORUS.

We've seen the gen - tle child at play, The maid-en fair, The lov - er gay; And oft they sought, at eve-ning hour, Our cool leaf - y bower;

And conq'ring ar - mies on their way, Have passed beneath the arch - es grey, And age, with slow and fal - ter - ing


1
2
tread, Hath sought and blest the peaceful shade ; Then let the world roll, Then let the world roll, No pow'r shall control Our song of a thousand, thous-
and years, We'll join when win - try tem - pests blow, In cho - rus strong: And gen - e - ra - tions yet shall know The
migh - ty song, A - mid thy storm - y course, O Time! Our migh - ty song, Our migh - ty song.....

WHEN THE SUMMER RAIN IS OVER.

DONIZETTI.

When the summer rain is o - ver, And the pearly clouds are flying, From the valley low-ly ly - ing, Floats away the mis - ty veil, See! the

When the summer rain is o - ver, And the pearly clouds are flying, From the valley low-ly ly - ing, Floats away the mis - ty veil, See! the

sun break forth in glo - ry, and bright re - veal - ing, Grateful earth, her flowers un - seal - ing,

sun break forth in glo - ry, Na-ture fresh and bright re - veal - ing, Grate - ful earth, her flowers un - seal - ing,

1 2

Breathes her balm on eve - - ry gale, Breathes her balm on eve - ry gale. Hearts a - dor - ing, gladness feel - ing, Heaven's

Breathes her balm on eve - ry, eve - ry gale, Breathes her balm on eve - ry gale. Hearts a - dor - ing, gladness feel - ing, Heaven's

smiles with wel - come hail, Hearts a - dor-ing, gladness feel-ing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a - dor-ing, gladness feel - ing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail.

smiles with wel - come hail, Hearts a - dor - ing, gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a - dor-ing, gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail.

Hearts a - dor - ing, gladness feel - ing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail.....

Hearts a - dor - ing, gladness feel-ing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail.....

UP TO THE FOREST HIE.*

J. W. SUFFERN.

Up to the mountain hie! Summer is in its prime; 'Tis glo - rious now to lie in the glades of

Up to the mountain hie! Summer is in its prime; 'Tis glorious now to lie in the glades of

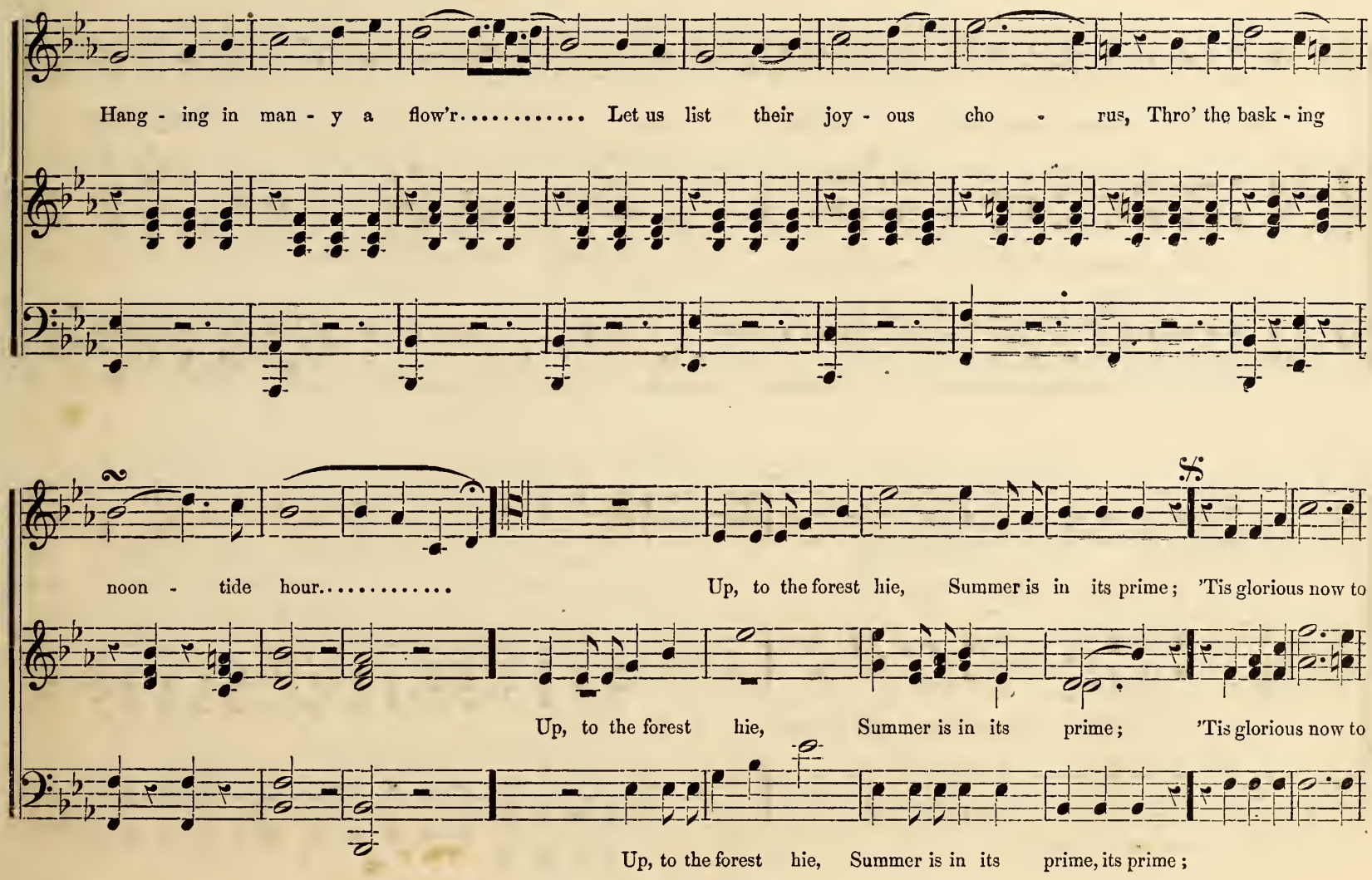
Up to the mountain hie! Summer is in its prime; 'Tis glo - rious now

1 2

heath and thyme, of heath, of heath and thyme, heath, of heath and thyme. The bees are there be - fore us,

heath and thyme, of heath, of heath and thyme, heath, of heath and thyme.

* From "Sabbath Praise," by permission.


Hang - ing in man - y a flow'r..... Let us list their joy - ous cho - rus, Thro' the bask - ing
noon - tide hour..... Up, to the forest hie, Summer is in its prime; 'Tis glorious now to
Up, to the forest hie, Summer is in its prime; 'Tis glorious now to
Up, to the forest hie, Summer is in its prime, its prime;

lie in the glades of heath and thyme, To lie the glades of heath, of heath and thyme, the glades of heath, of heath and

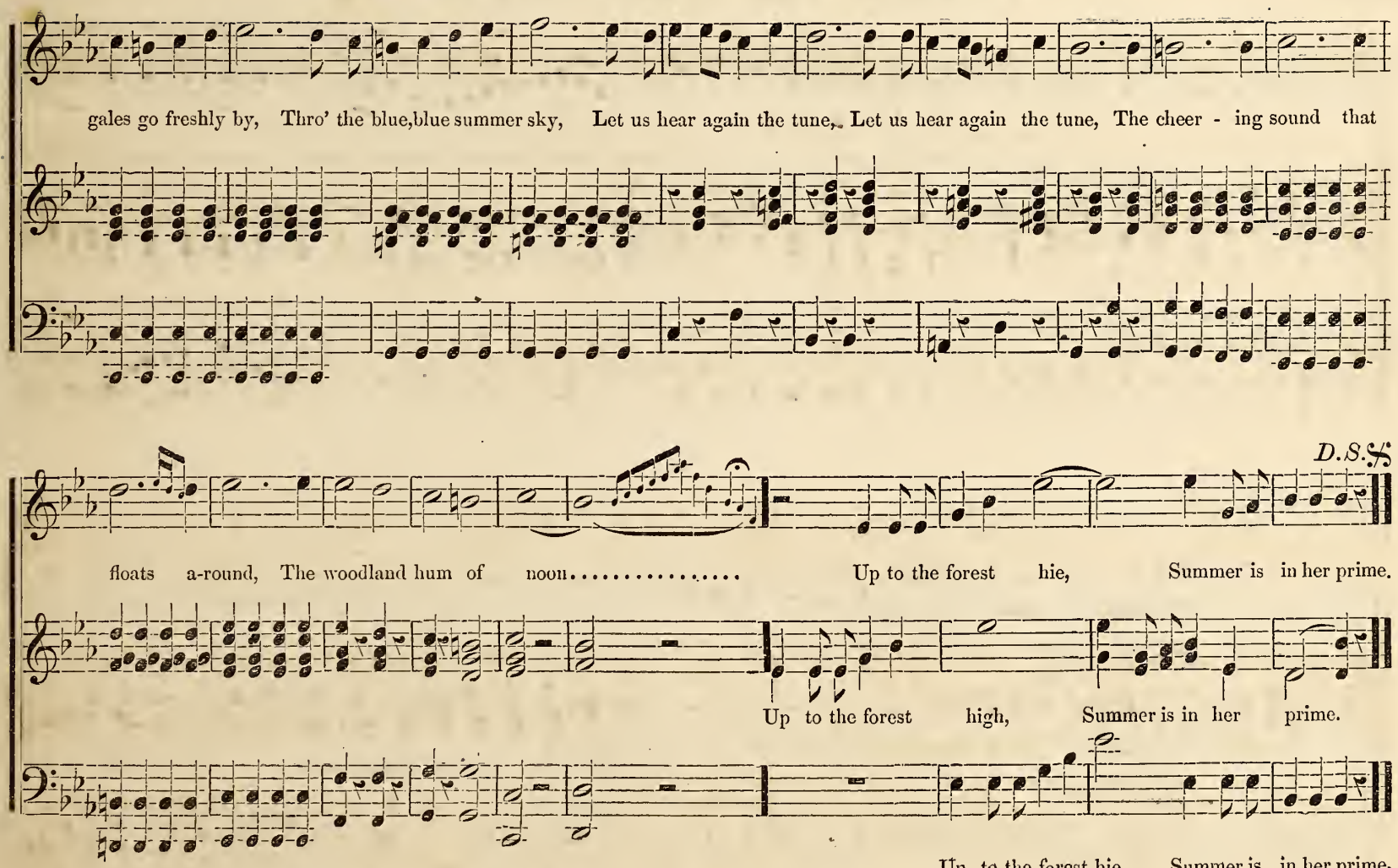
lie in the glades of heath and thyme, To lie in the glades of heath, of heath and thyme, in the glades of heath, of heath and

lie in the glades of heath and thyme, To lie the glades of heath, of heath and thyme, the glades of heath, of heath and

Fine.

thyme, in the glades of heath and thyme. Let us see the golden sun, Amid the wood boughs run, As the

thyme, in the glades of heath and thyme.


gales go freshly by, Thro' the blue, blue summer sky, Let us hear again the tune, Let us hear again the tune, The cheer - ing sound that
D.S.
floats a-round, The woodland hum of noon..... Up to the forest hie, Summer is in her prime.
Up to the forest high, Summer is in her prime.
Up to the forest hie, Summer is in her prime.

MARK THE MERRY ELVES.*

Arranged from Dr. CALLCOTT, by J. W. SUFFERN.

Mark the merry elves of fai-ry-land, Mark the merry elves of fai-ry-land, In the cold moon's gleam-y glance, In the cold moon's gleamy glance,

Mark the merry elves of fai-ry-land, Mark the merry elves of fai-ry-land, In the cold moon's gleam-y glance, In the cold moon's gleamy glance,

In the cold moon's gleam-y glance, They with shadow - y morrice dance,

In the cold moon's gleam-y glance, They with shadow - y morrice dance, They with shadowy morrice dance, Soft mu-sic

Soft mu - sic dies a - long the

* From the "Sabbath Praise," by per.

Soft mu-sic dies a-long the desert land, Soft mu-sic dies along the des-ert land. A - long the desert land.

dies a-long the land, Soft mu-sic dies a-long the desert land, a-long the des - - - ert land. A - long the des-ert land.

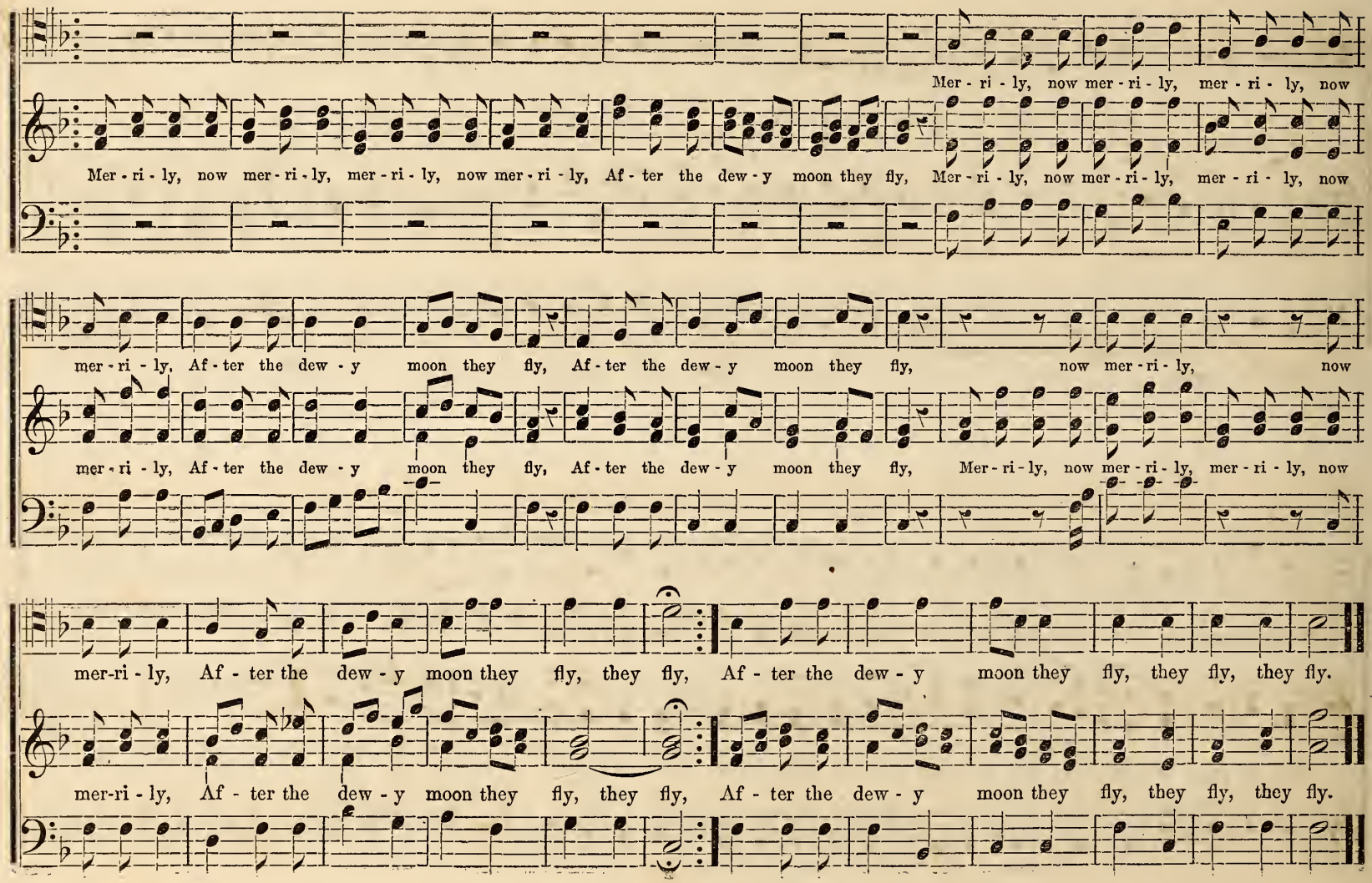
des-ert land..... Soft mu - sic dies a-long the des - ert land,

SPIRITED.

Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights decay, Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay.

Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights decay, Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay.

MARK THE MERRY ELVES. Concluded.



KEEP US, O LORD.

J. H. RHEEM.

ALTO SOLO.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there, But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a travel - er.
2. "De-ny thy - self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command, Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

CHORUS.

Keep us, O Lord, in the narrow way, The path of wis-dom and of truth, Help us the word of the Lord t'obey, And serve him while in the days of youth.

Keep us, O Lord, in the narrow way, The path of wisdom and of truth, Help us the word of the Lord t'obey, And serve him while in the days of youth.

"IT NEVER COMES AGAIN."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. J. H. RHEEM.

1. There are gains for all our loss - es, There are balms for all our pain, But when youth, the dream, de - parts, It takes some - thing from our hearts, And it nev - er, nev - er, nev - er comes a - gain.

2. We are strong - er, And are bet - ter, Un - der man - hood's stern - er reign; Still we feel that something sweet Fol - lowed youth with fly - ing feet, And will nev - er, nev - er, nev - er come a - gain.

3. Something beau - ti - ful has van-ished, And we sigh for it in vain; We be - hold it ev' - ry - where, On the earth, and in the air, But it nev - er, nev - er, nev - er comes a - gain.

"SWEET SPIRIT, COMFORT ME."

Words by ROBERT HERRICK.

J. H. RHEEM.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. In the hour of deep dis-tress, When tempta-tions me oppress, And when I my sins con-fess, Sweet spir - it, Com-fort me!

2. When I lie with - in my bed, Sick in heart and sick in head, And with doubts discomfort-ed, Sweet spir - it, Com-fort me!

3. When the judgment is revealed, And that opened which is sealed, When to thee I have appealed, Sweet spir - it, Com-fort me!

ROUND "ROLL THE R."

J. H. RHEEM.

1. Let us try to roll the R, How man - y of us can?

2. Now we all will try to say, The round red rogu - ish man.

3. And then round the rug - ged rock, The rag - ged ras - cal ran.

4. R r r r r r r r r - - - rat - - - ta plan.

"BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING."

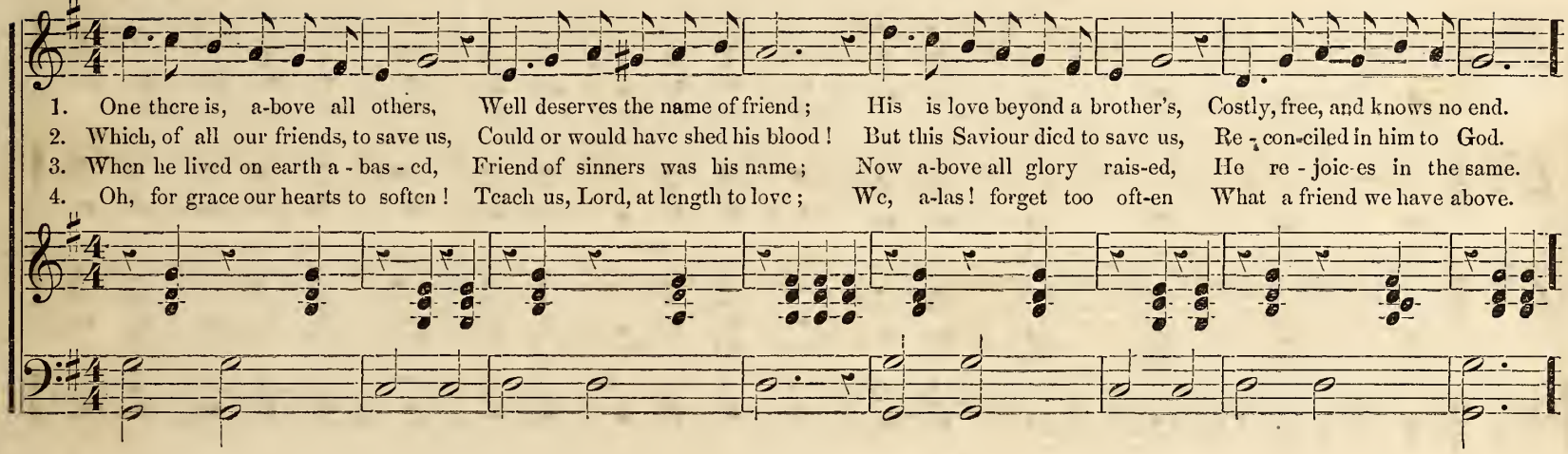
Words by BONAR. J. H. RHEEM.

1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weeping, I shall be soon: Be-yond the wak-ing and the sleeping, Be-yond the sow - ing and the reaping,
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon: Be-yond the shin-ing and the shad-ing, Be-yond the hop - ing and the dreading,
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meeting, I shall be soon: Be-yond the fare-well and the greeting, Be-yond the puls-e's fe - ver beating'
4. Be - yond the frost chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon: Be-yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be-yond the ev - er and the nev - er,

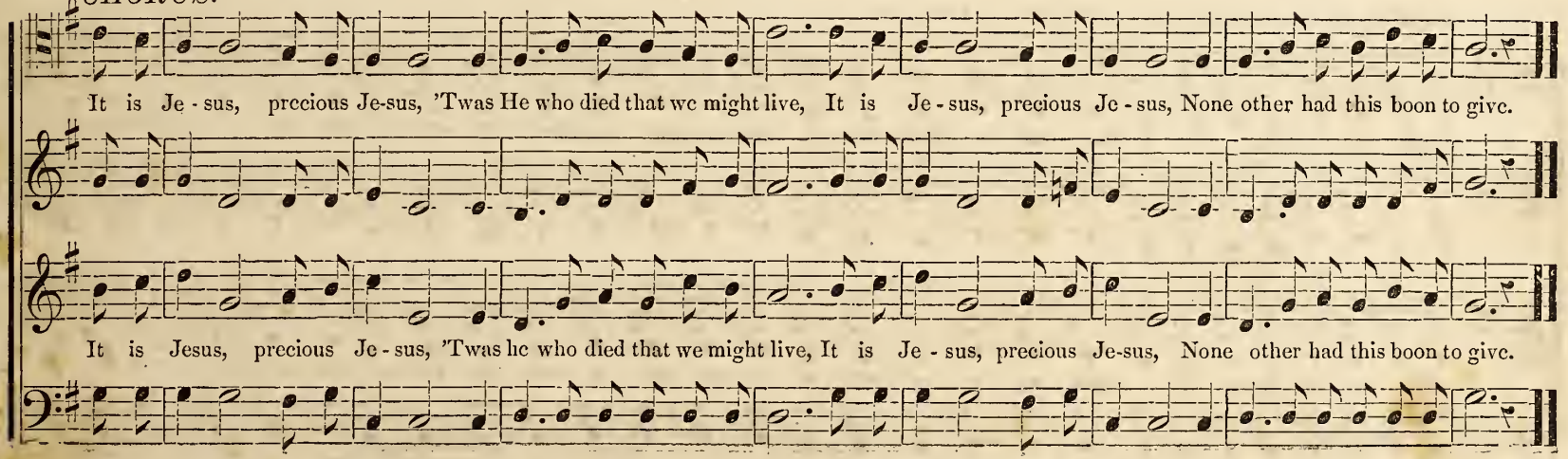
I shall be soon, I shall be soon, Love, rest and home Sweet hope! Sweet hope, Lord tar - ry not, but come.

I shall be soon, I shall be soon, Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Sweet hope, Lord tar - ry not, but come.

J. H. RHEEM.



CHORUS.



THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Note. To sing this piece well, strict attention must be paid to the accelerando and ritard movements.

J. H. RHEEM.

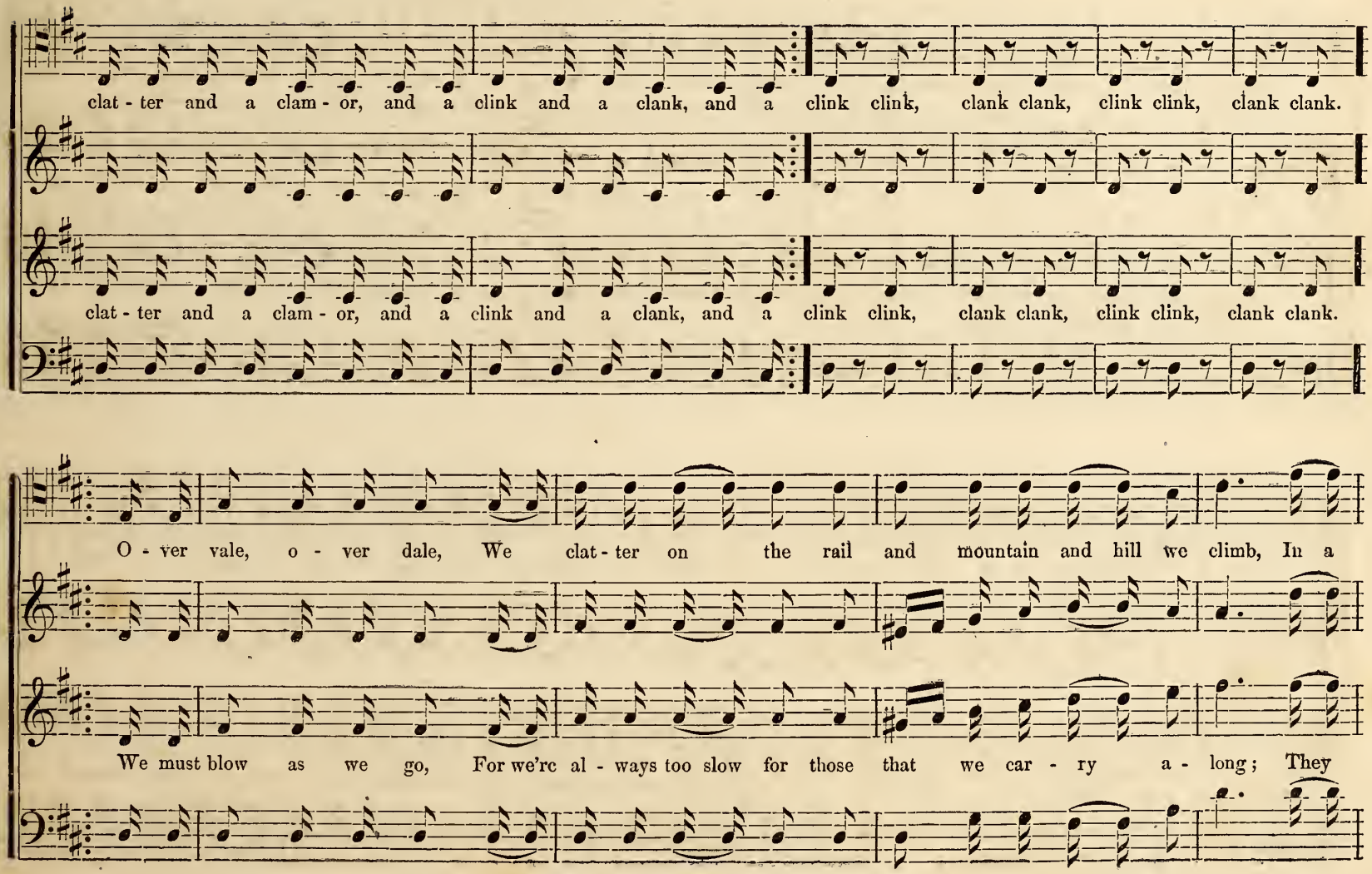
Clink, clank, clink, clank, with a clink and a clank, and a clink and a clank, with a

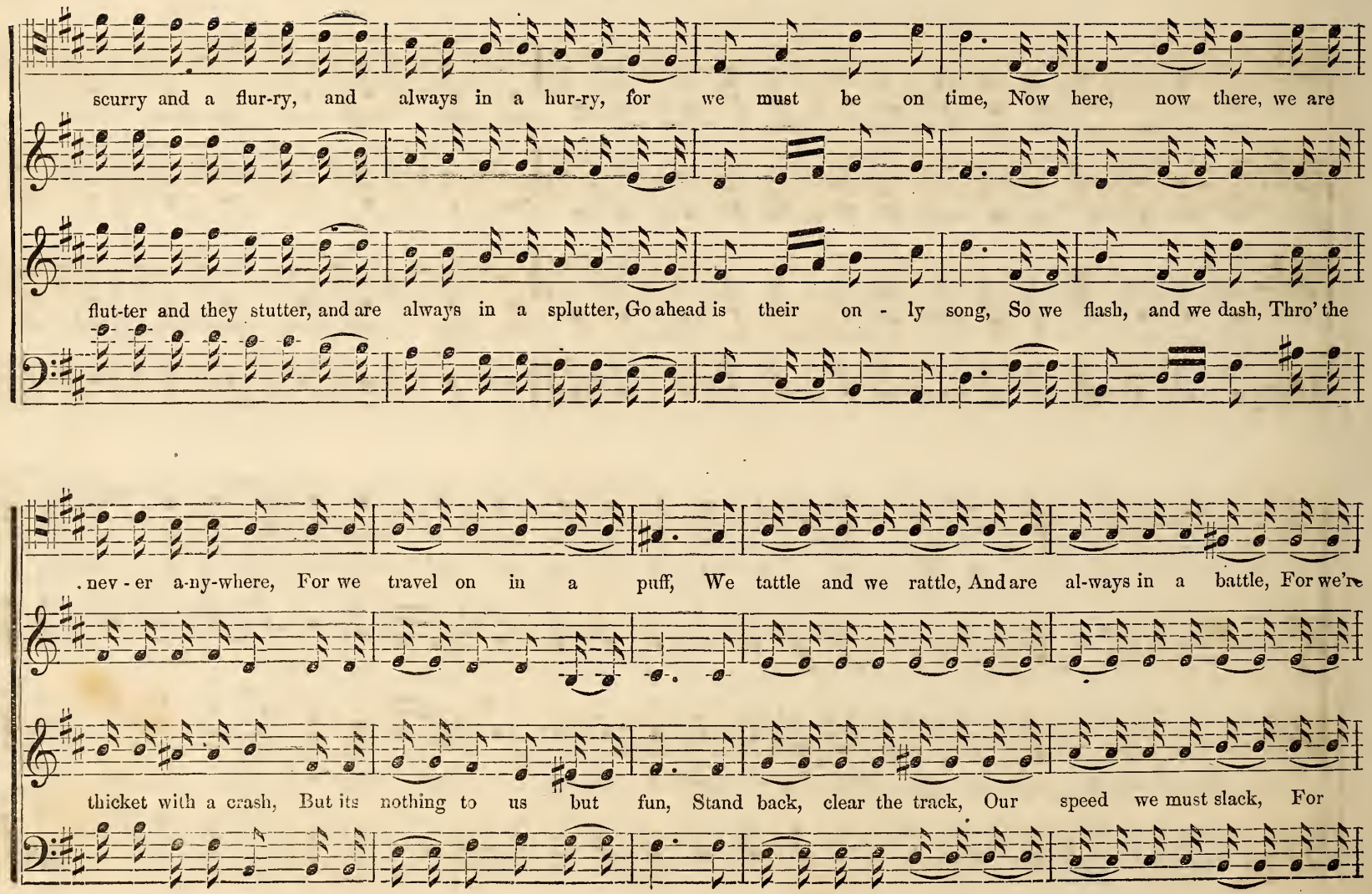
Clink, clank, clink, clank, with a clink and a clank, and a clink and a clank, with a

* Accelerate the time from here, to the words "over hill, &c."

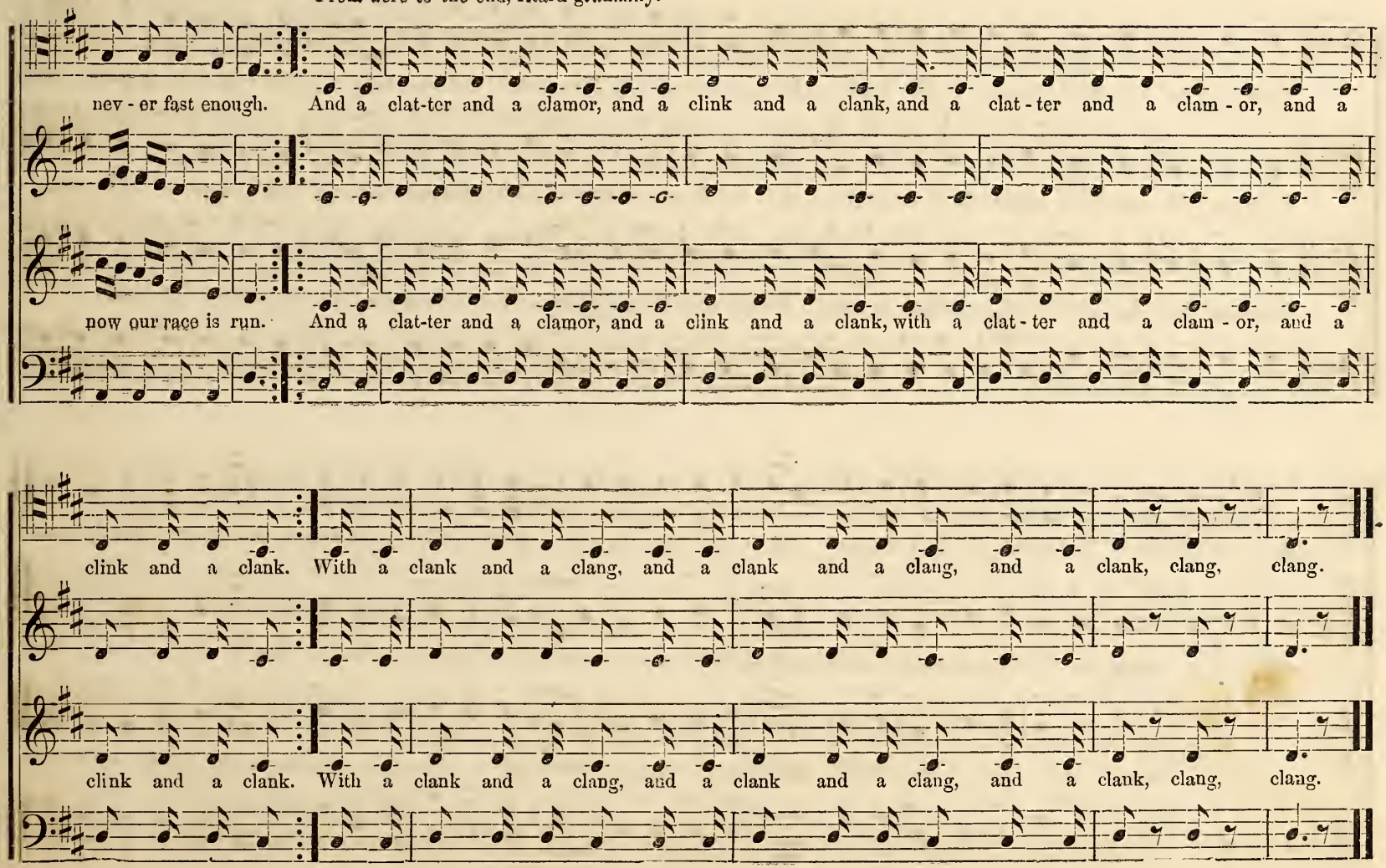
clatter and a clamor, and a clink and a clank, with a clat - ter and a clam - or, and a clink and a clank, And a

clatter and a clamor, and a clink and a clank, with a clat - ter and a clam - or, and a clink and a clank, And a


clat - ter and a clam - or, and a clink and a clank, and a clink clink, clank clank, clink clink, clank clank.
clat - ter and a clam - or, and a clink and a clank, and a clink clink, clank clank, clink clink, clank clank.
O - ver vale, o - ver dale, We clat - ter on the rail and mountain and hill we climb, In a
We must blow as we go, For we're al - ways too slow for those that we car - ry a - long; They


scurry and a flur-ry, and always in a hur-ry, for we must be on time, Now here, now there, we are
flut-ter and they stutter, and are always in a splutter, Go ahead is their on - ly song, So we flash, and we dash, Thro' the
nev - er a-ny-where, For we travel on in a puff, We tattle and we rattle, And are al-ways in a battle, For we're
thicket with a crash, But its nothing to us but fun, Stand back, clear the track, Our speed we must slack, For

*From here to the end, ritard gradually.



THE SWEETEST OF THEM ALL.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. J. H. RHEEM.

1. Sweet is the rose That blossoms in the bower, Sweet is the li - ly, so stately and so tall; But I know a spot where there

2. Sweet are the songs That summer birds are singing, Out in the sunshine, where gather gladsome throngs; But I know a bird whose

3. Sweet are the lips with loving to-kens la - den, Sweeter than blossoms with morning dews impearled; But when in my arms I

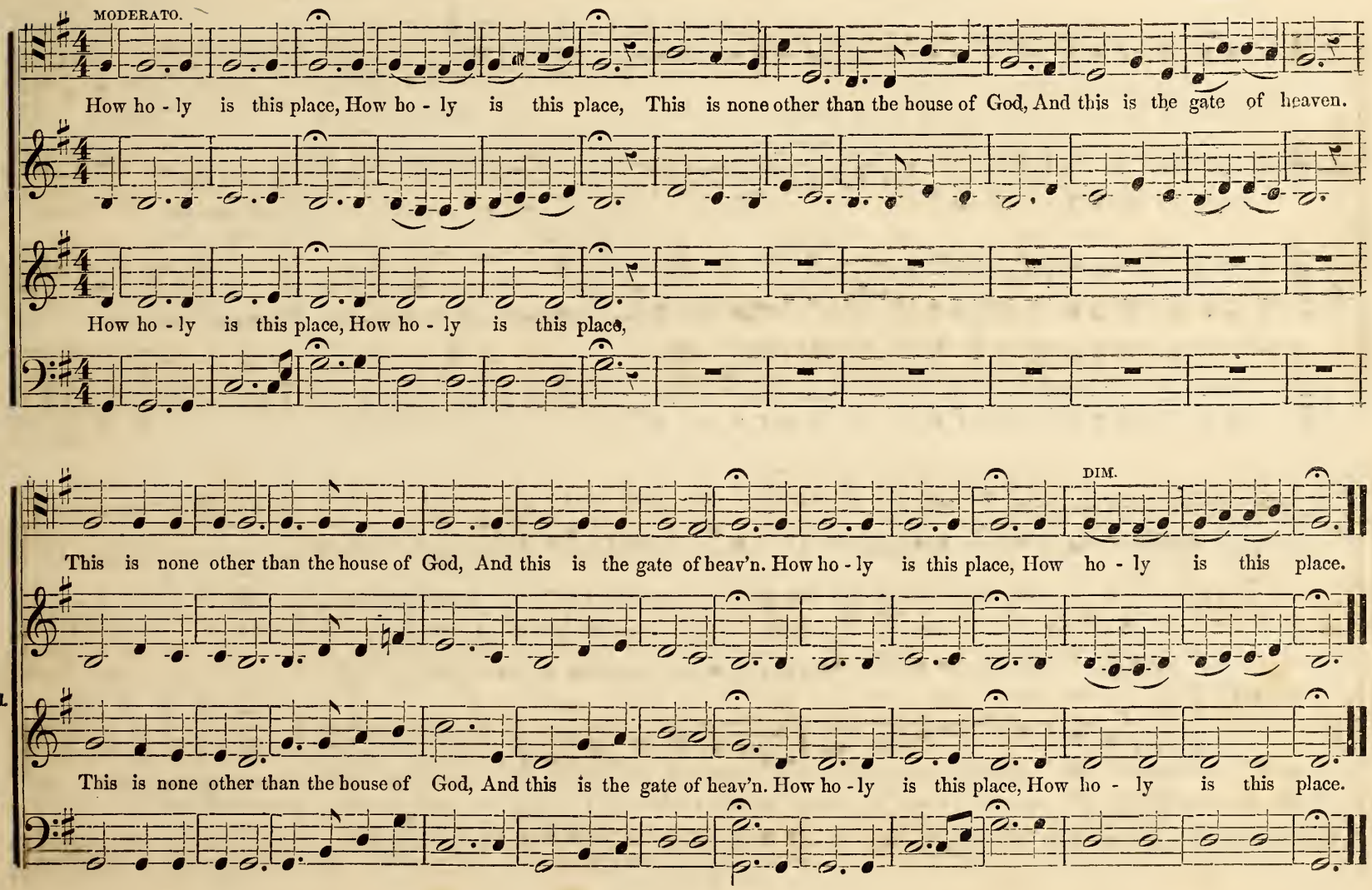
grows a lit - tle flow-er, That is fair - er, and dearer, and sweeter than them all, That is fair-er, and dearer, and sweeter than them all.

mel - odies are ringing, And are brighter and sweeter Than the sweetest of their songs, And are brighter and sweeter Than the sweetest of their songs.

clasp a lit - tle maiden, The kiss-es she gives me are the sweetest in the world, The kiss-es she gives me are the sweetest in the world.

SENTENCE. "HOW HOLY IS THIS PLACE."

J. H. RHEEM.



ANTHEM. "COME UNTO ME."

S. W. STRAUB.

p *p*

Come unto me, come unto me, all ye that la - bor and are heavy laden, Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

f *f*

Come unto me, come unto me, all ye that la - bor and are heavy laden, Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

p *p*

CRES. *f* DIM. *f* *m* *p* *pp* RIT.

Come unto me, come un - to me, All ye that la - bor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Come, come, come and I will give you rest.

Come unto me, come un - to me, All ye that la - bor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Come, come, come and I will give you rest.

From Psalm 68.

ALLEGRO. BASS SOLO

Sing un - to God, sing praises to his name, Ex -

TASTO. TASTO.

tol him, Ex-tol him that rideth on the heavens, Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice before him. A father of the fatherless, and

CHORUS. TREBLE AND ALTO. ANDANTE. TREBLE SOLO.

TENOR AND BASS.

judge of the wid - ow, Is God in his ho - ly, ho - ly hab-i - ta - tion, Re-joice, rejoice, re-joice be - fore him. Blessed be the

CHORUS. ALLEGRO. DUET. ANDANTE. 1st & 2nd ALTO.

Lord, who dai - ly load-eth us with ben - e - fits, E - ven the God of our sal - va-tion, Rejoice, rejoice, re-joice be-fore him.

CHORUS.

MAESTOSO

Sing un-to God, sing un-to God, un - to God, Sing un-to God, ye na - tions of the earth, O sing

Sing un-to God, sing un-to God, Sing un - to God, ye na - tions, ye na - tions of the earth, O sing

Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God ye na - tions of the earth, O sing

TUTTI. f

praises, O sing praises, sing prais-es to the Lord, sing, sing,

SOLO. TUTTI. SOLO. TUTTI, SOLO.

praises, sing prais-es, sing praises un-to God, O sing praises, sing praises to the Lord, sing, O sing praises, sing, O sing praises,

SOLO. TUTTI. SOLO. TUTTI. SOLO. TUTTI.

prais-es, O sing praises, sing praises to the Lord, sing, sing, Sing

TUTTI. TUTTI. TUTTI.

TUTTI. *f* *f*

sing, un - to the Lord, O sing praises un - to the Lord, sing, un - to the Lord, O sing praises un-to the Lord,

TUTTI.

f *p* *f*

praises, sing praises un - to the Lord, O sing praises un - to the Lord, Sing praises, sing praises un-to the Lord, O sing praises un-to the Lord.

BASS DUET. ANDANTE

O Lord, thou art ter - ri - ble, out of the ho - ly pla - ces, The God of Is - ra - el is

he that giv - eth strength, is he that giv - eth strength, and power un - to his peo - ple.

ALLEGRO.

Bless - ed be God, Bless - ed be God, Hal - - - le - - -

p SOLO. TUTTI.

Bless - ed be God, Bless - ed be God, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - - le - - -

p SOLO. TUTTI.

Bless - ed be God, Bless - ed be God, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

ADAGIO.

lu - - jah, Hal - - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Bless - ed be God.

lu - - jah, Hal - - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Bless - ed be God.

Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah, Bless - ed be God.

O GIVE THANKS.

J. H. RHEEM.

rit.

O give thanks un-to the Lord, for He is good; O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for He is good; For his mer - cy endur - eth for

f *cres.* *m* *rit.* *m*

O give thanks un-to the Lord, for He is good; O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for He is good; For his mer - cy endur - eth for

Fine.

ev - er, For his mer - cy en - dur-eth for - ev - er, For His mer - cy endur - eth for ev - er, To the children of men. O that men would praise the Lord, O that [men would

cres. *dim.*

ev - er, For his mer - cy en - dur-eth for - ev - er, For His mer - cy endur - eth for ev - er, To the children of men. O that men would praise the Lord, O that [men would

O GIVE THANKS. Concluded.

Tenor or Soprano SOLO. A LITTLE SLOWER.

praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord for his good - ness. For his good - ness and his kind - ness, For his

Tenor.

Soprano & Alto.

praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord for His good - ness. O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would

D.C.

mer - ey to the child - ren of men. O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.

praise the Lord For his goodness to the children of men. O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.

"MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, All ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad - ness. Come be - fore his pres - ence with sing - ing,

Know ye that the Lord he is God ;.... It is he that hath made us, and not we our - selves, We are his peo - ple, and the sheep of his pas - ture.

FINE.

D.S.

En - ter in - to his gates with thanks-giv - ing, And in - to his courts with praise, be thank - ful un - to him, and bless his name.

Here after D.S.

ADAGIO.

For the Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing; and his truth en - dur - eth to all gen - e - rations; to all gen - e - rations.

ANTHEM. "I WAS GLAD."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

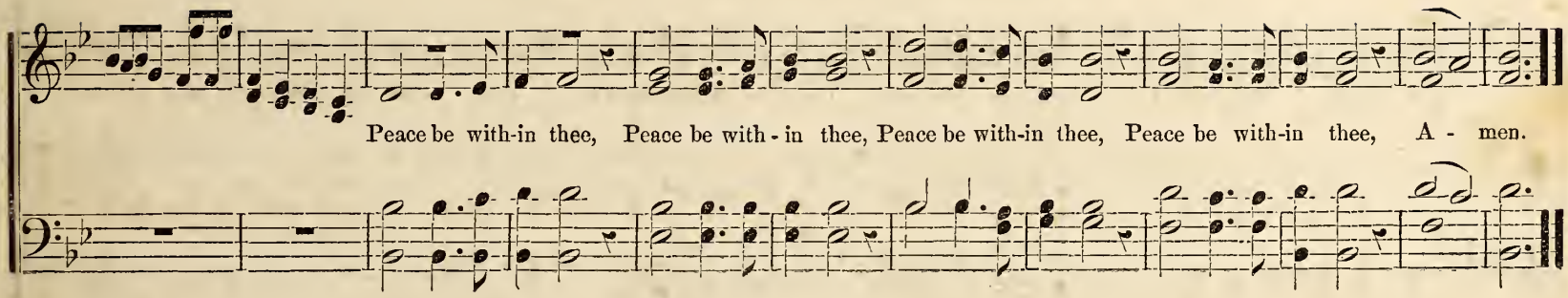
I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord, I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Pray for the peace of Je - ru - salem, Pray for the peace of Je - ru - salem, They shall prosper that love thee, They shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be with - in thy walls, Peace be with - in thy walls, And prosper - i - ty with - in thy pala - ces,

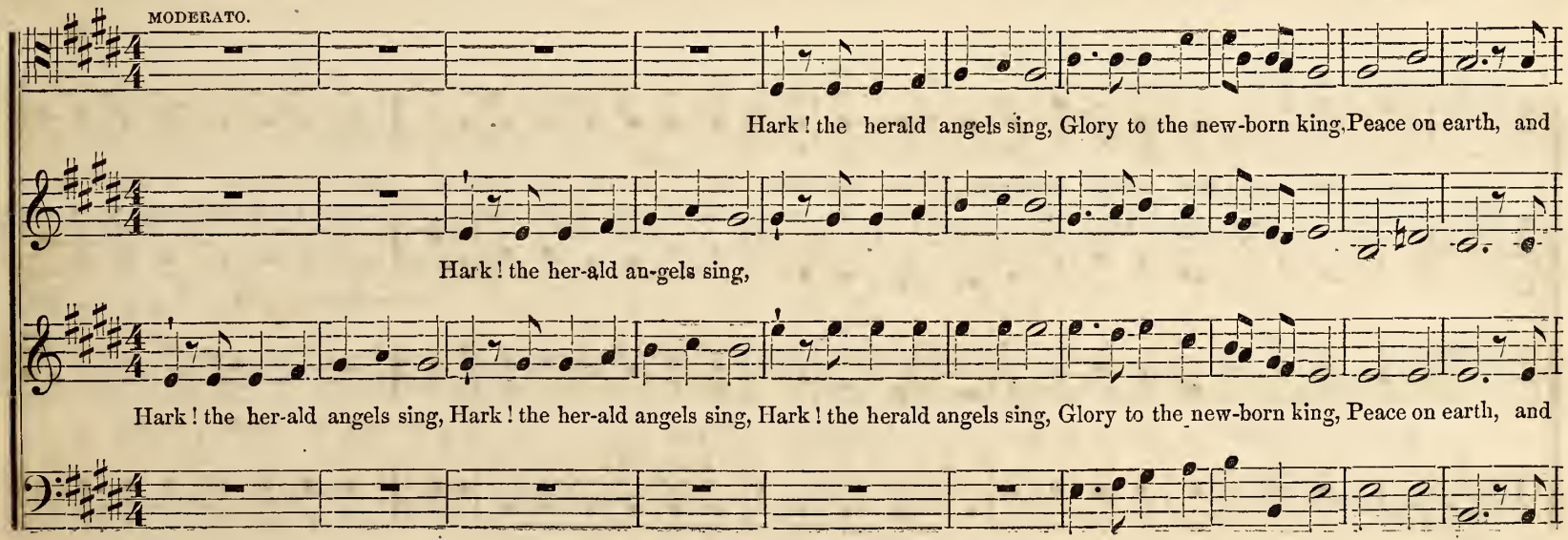
Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, And prosperity with - in thy pal-a - ces,

* Use small notes after the repeat.



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

J. H. RHEEM.



mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled, Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

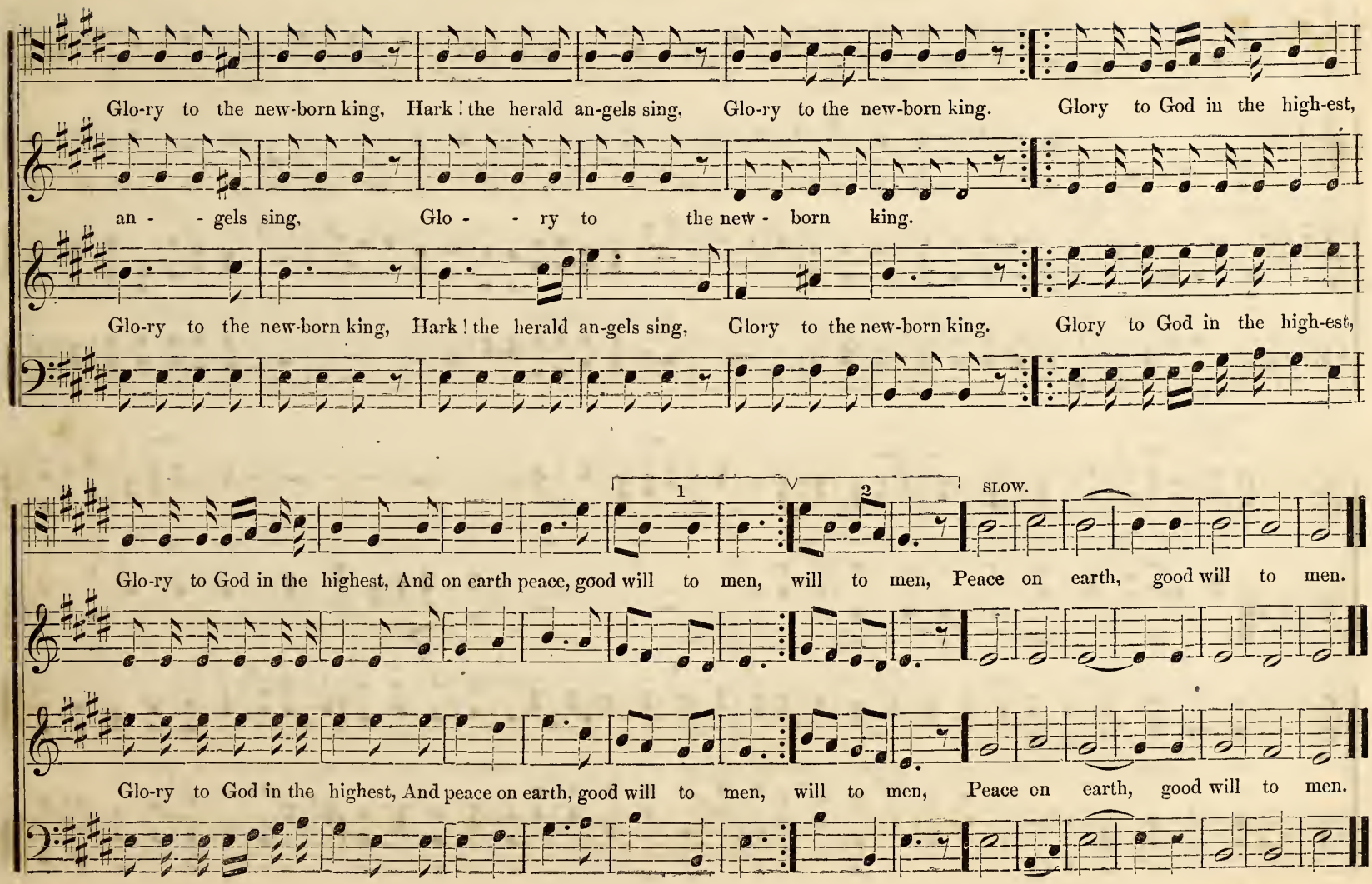
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled, Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

FAST.

Hark ! hark ! hark ! The herald an-gels sing, Hark ! they sing, Glo-ry to the new-born king, Hark ! the her-ald an-gels sing,

Hark ! the her - - ald

Hark ! hark ! hark ! The herald an-gels sing, Hark ! they sing, Glo-ry to the new-born king. Hark ! the herald an-gels sing,


Glo-ry to the new-born king, Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born king. Glory to God in the high-est,
an - - gels sing, Glo - - ry to the new - born king.
Glo-ry to the new-born king, Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glory to the new-born king. Glory to God in the high-est,
1
2
SLOW.
Glo-ry to God in the highest, And on earth peace, good will to men, will to men, Peace on earth, good will to men.
Glo-ry to God in the highest, And peace on earth, good will to men, will to men, Peace on earth, good will to men.

ANTHEM. "THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Alto SOLO.

The Lord will com - fort, will com - fort Zi - on; The Lord will com - fort, will com - fort

Zi - on; He will com - fort, will com-fort her waste pla - ces, He will com - fort, will com-fort her waste pla - ces.

CHORUS. The Lord will comfort

Rit.

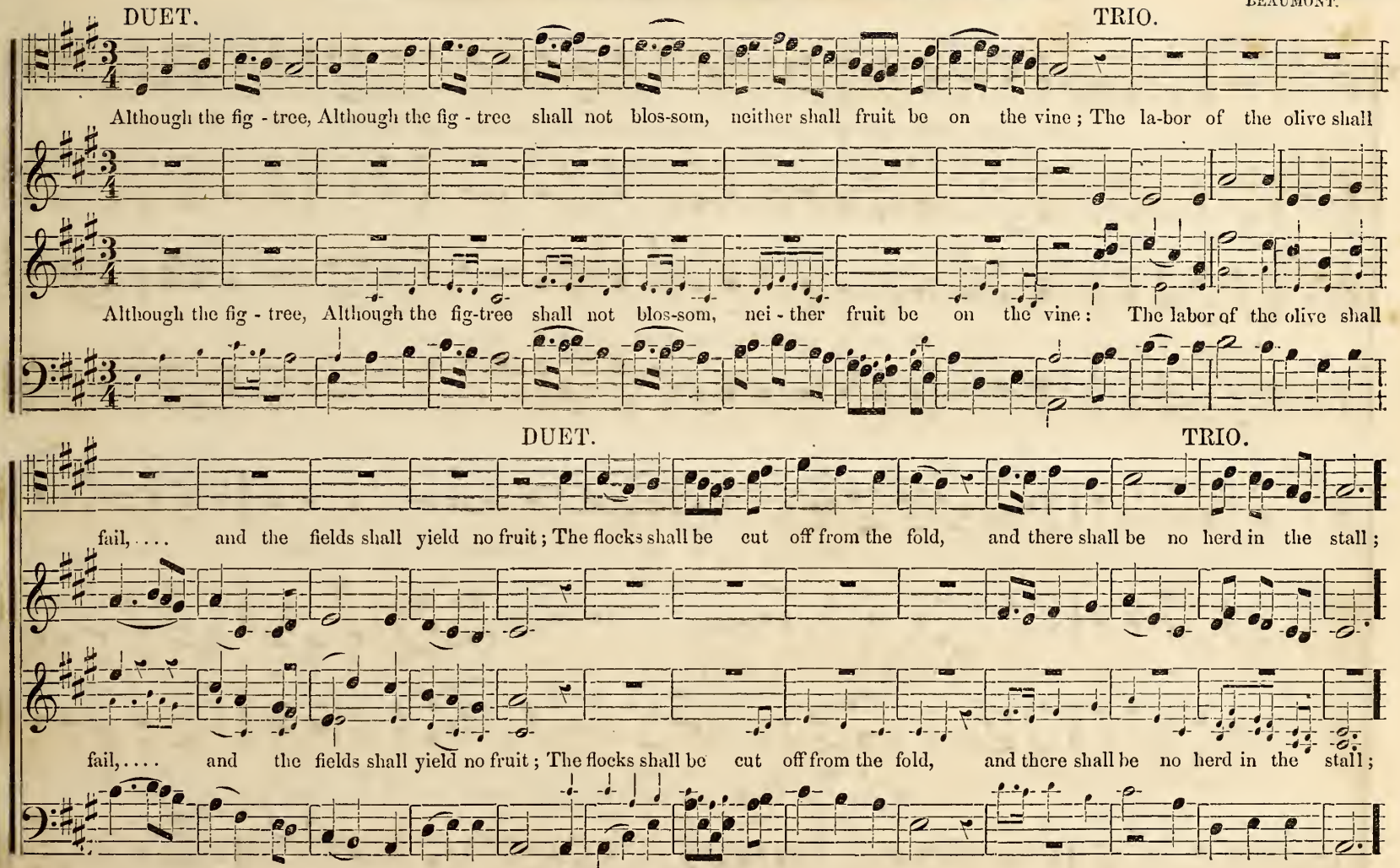
will comfort Zi - on; will comfort her waste pla-ces, and make her like Eden; like the garden of the Lord, and make her like Eden, like the garden of the Lord.

Tempo. Allegro.

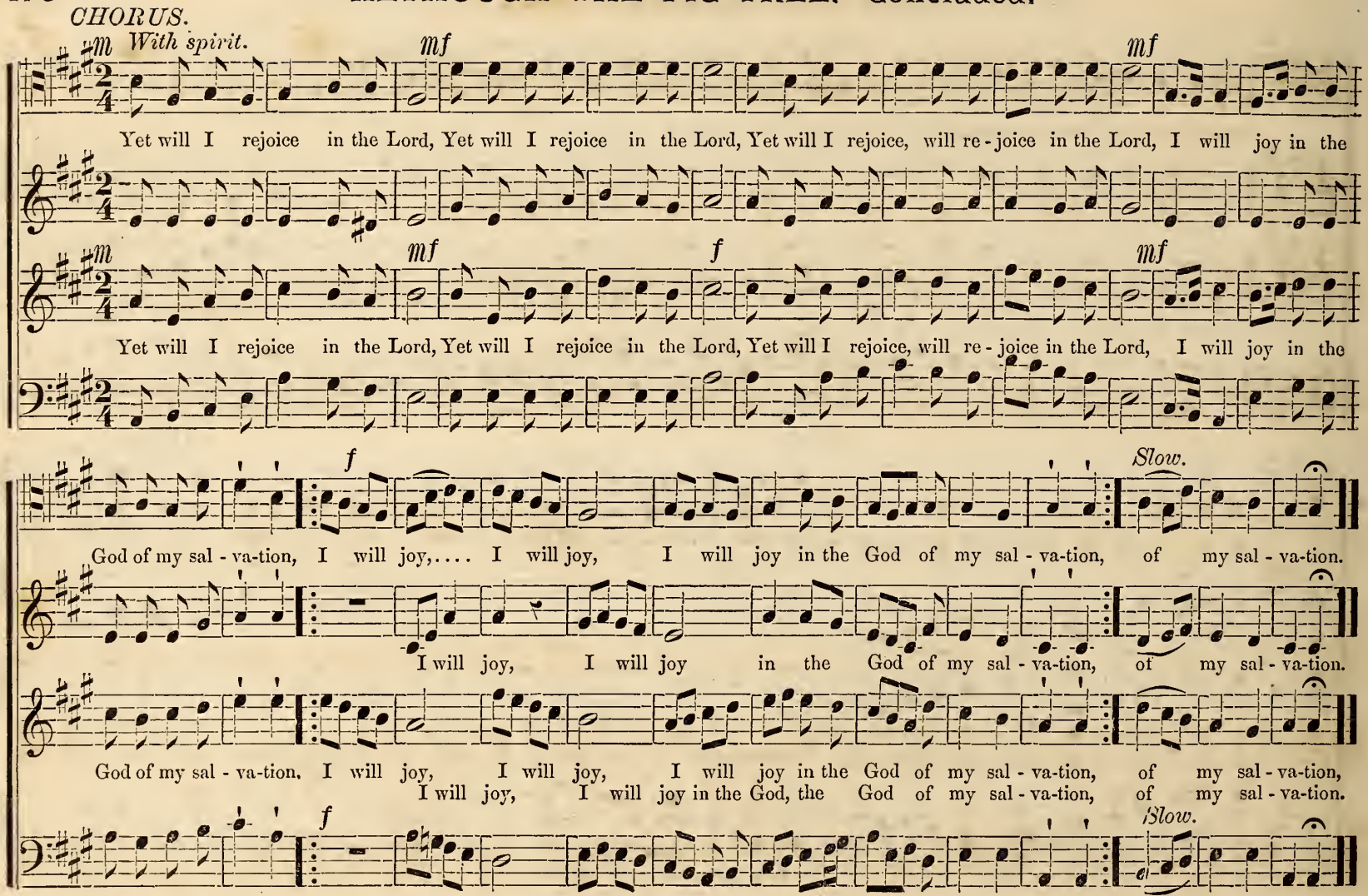
Joy, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in; Joy, joy and glad - ness, Joy, joy and glad - ness, Joy, joy and glad-ness

shall be found there - in; Thanks-giv-ing and the voice, the voice of mel - o - dy; Thanks-giv-ing and the voice, the voice of mel - o - dy.

BEAUMONT.



* From "Harmonia Sacra," by per.


CHORUS.
m With spirit.
mf
mf
Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, Yet will I rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, I will joy in the
m
mf
f
mf
Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, Yet will I rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, I will joy in the
f
Slow.
God of my sal-va-tion, I will joy,.... I will joy, I will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion, of my sal-va-tion.
I will joy, I will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion, of my sal-va-tion.
God of my sal-va-tion, I will joy, I will joy, I will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion, of my sal-va-tion,
I will joy, I will joy in the God, the God of my sal-va-tion, of my sal-va-tion.
f
Slow.

EASTER ANTHEM.

Arr. by J. H. RHEEM.

Soprano SOLO.

Ye hum-ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way, And bow with pleasure down to see The place where Jesus

lay. Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such won-ders love can do, Such won-ders love can do, Thus

rit. *rit.*

cold in death that bo - som lay which throb'd and bled for you, Thus cold in death that bo-som lay which throb'd and bled for you.

DUET. Soprano & Alto.

A moment give a loose to grief, Let grateful sor - rows rise, And wash the blood-y stains a - way with torrents from our eyes.

CHORUS. *Fine.*

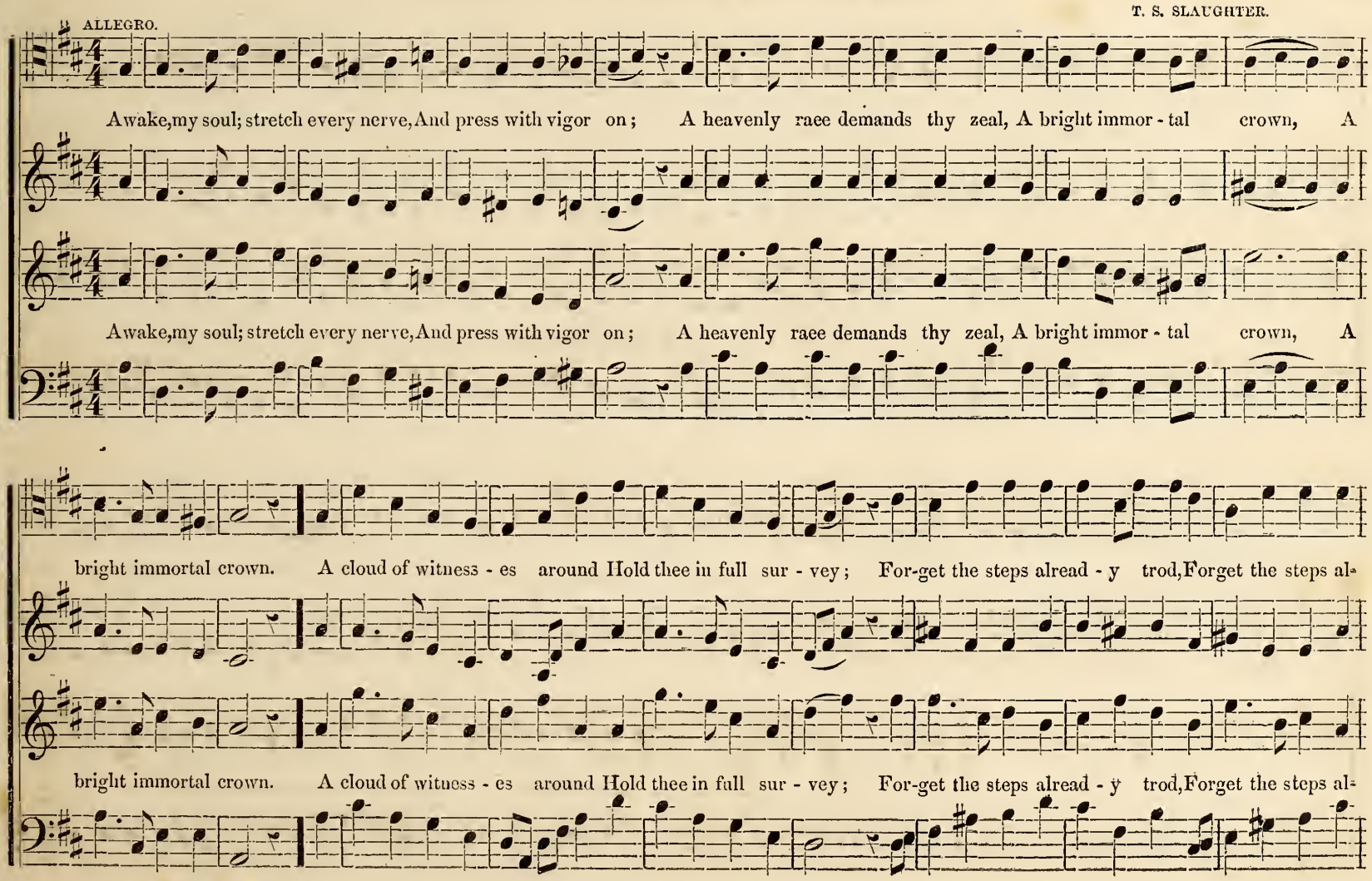
Then dry your tears, And tune your songs, The Saviour lives a - gain; Not all the bolts and bars of death, The conqu'ror could de-tain.

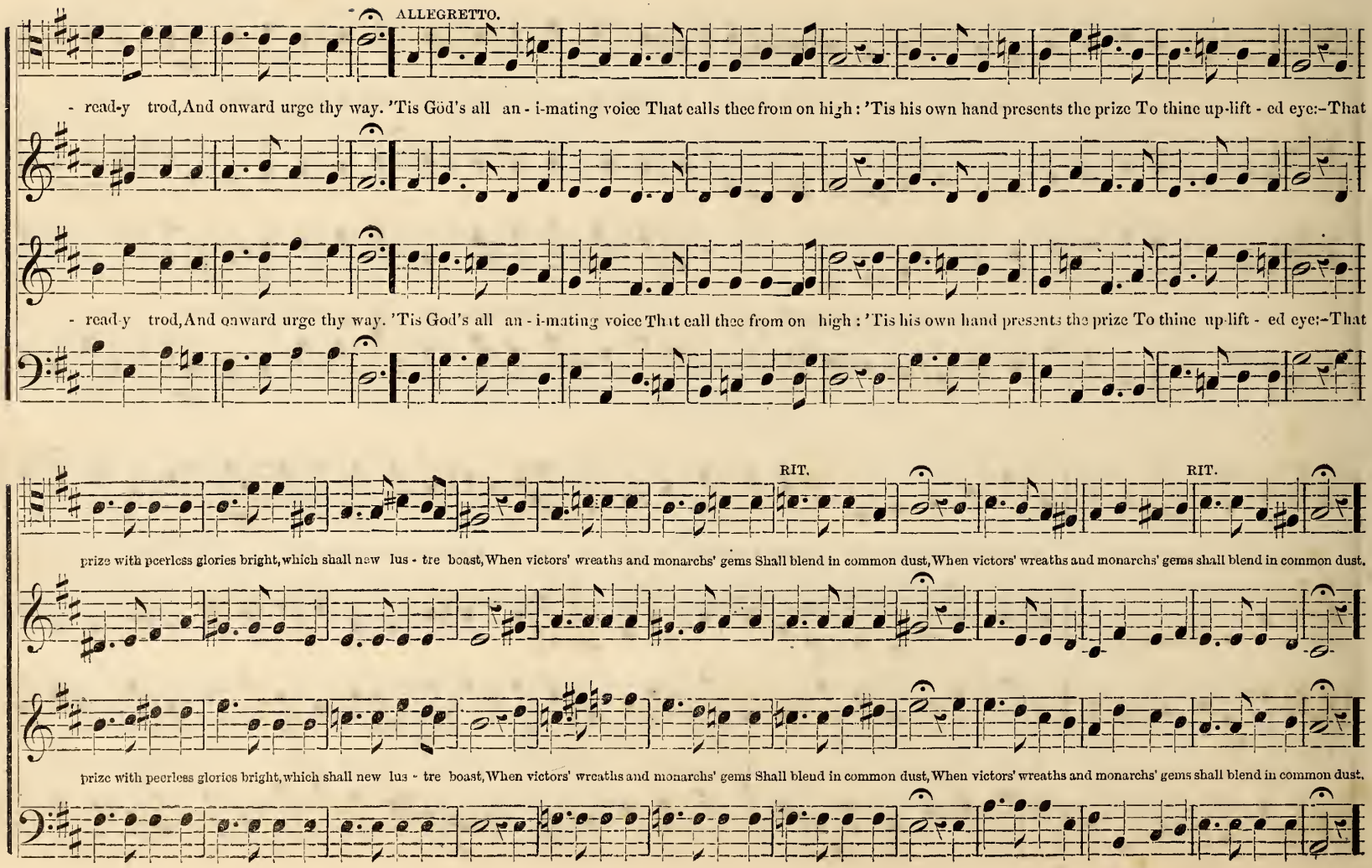
Then dry your tears, With joy like this, And tune your songs, Shall ev-ery saint His empty tomb sur-vey, And rise with his as-cend-ing Lord, Thro' all his shining way.

Then dry your tears, With joy like this, And tune your songs, Shall ev-ery saint

Tenor SOLO. *D.S.*

High o'er the angelic bands He rears His once dis - hon-or'd head, And thro' unnumbered years He reigns, Who dwelt amongst the dead.


ALLEGRO.
T. S. SLAUGHTER.
Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright immor - tal crown, A
Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright immor - tal crown, A
bright immortal crown. A cloud of witness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the steps alread - y trod, Forget the steps al-
bright immortal crown. A cloud of witness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the steps alread - y trod, Forget the steps al-


ALLEGRETTO.
- read-y trod, And onward urge thy way. 'Tis God's all an - i-mating voice That calls thee from on high: 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine up-lift - ed eye:-That
- read-y trod, And onward urge thy way. 'Tis God's all an - i-mating voice That call thee from on high: 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine up-lift - ed eye:-That
RIT.
RIT.
prize with peerless glories bright, which shall new lus - tre boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems shall blend in common dust.
prize with peerless glories bright, which shall new lus - tre boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems shall blend in common dust.

A - wake, my soul; stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright immor - tal crown, A

A - wake, my soul; stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright immor - tal crown, A

bright immortal crown. A cloud of witness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the steps alread - y trod, Forget the steps al-

bright immortal crown. A cloud of witness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the steps alread - y trod, Forget the steps al-

AWAKE, MY SOUL. Concluded.

read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way, For - get the steps al - read - y trod, and on - ward urge thy way.

read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way, For - get the steps al - read - y trod, and on - ward urge thy way.

ANTHEM. "I WAITED PATIENTLY." Ps. 40.

SAMUEL CHAPPEL.

ANDANTINO.

Soprano SOLO.

I waited patiently, I waited patient-ly for the Lord, for the Lord, And he in-clin - ed un - to me and heard my calling.

Bass SOLO.

I waited patient-ly for the Lord, for the Lord, And he in-clin - ed un - to me and heard my calling.

I waited patiently, I waited patient-ly for the Lord, And He inclin-ed un - to me, and heard my calling; And He hath put a new

I waited patiently, I waited patient-ly for the Lord. And He inclin-ed un - to me, and heard my calling; And He hath put a new

song in my mouth, E'en a thanksgiving, E'en a thanksgiving un- to our God.

song in my mouth, E'en a thanksgiving, E'en a thanksgiving un- to our God.

CHORUS. MODERATO.

Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Blessed is the man, Blessed is the man, Blessed is the man that hath

Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Blessed is the man, Blessed is the man, Blessed is the man that hath

f

set his hope, his hope in the Lord; Great, Great, Great, Great are the wondrous

f

O Lord my God,

f

set his hope, his hope in the Lord; O Lord my God, Great, Great, Great, Great are the wondrous

f

works which thou hast done, which thou hast done, which thou hast done, Great are the wondrous works,

Great are the wondrous works Great are the wondrous

works which thou hast done, which thou hast done, which thou hast done, Great are the wondrous works,

Great are the wondrous

Great are the wondrous works, Great, ... which thou hast done.

works, Great are the wondrous works, Great are the wondrous works which thou,

Great are the wondrous works, Great are the wondrous works ..... which thou hast done.

works, Great are the wondrous works, Great are the wondrous works which thou,

RECIT.

If I should de - clare them and speak of them, they would be more, more, more than I am a - ble to express.

Bass SOLO.

I have not kept back thy lov - ing

Sym.

kind - ness and truth from the great congre - gation. I have not kept back thy lov-ing

kind - ness and truth from the great con - gre - ga - tion. With-

- draw not thou thy mer - cy from me, Withdraw not thou thy mer - cy from me, O Lord; Let thy

lov - ing kindness and thy truth..... al - ways pre - serve me.

CHORUS.

f

Let all those that seek thee, be joy - ful and glad, be joy - ful and

be

f

Let all those that seek thee, be joy - ful and glad. Let all those that seek thee, be joy - ful and glad, be joy - ful and

be

glad, be joy - ful and glad, be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - - ful, be

joyful, be joyful,

glad, be joy - ful and glad, be joy-ful, be joy - ful, be joy - - ful, be joy - - - - - - - ful, be

joyful, be joyful,be joy - - - - - - - - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - - ful, be

p

joy - ful and glad, be glad in thee.

p SOLO.

And let such as love thy sal - va-tion, And let such as love thy sal - va-tion,

p SOLO.

joy - ful and glad, be glad in thee.

f TUTTI.

The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised: Let all those that seek thee be joy - ful and glad, And let such as say al-ways,

f TUTTI.

The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised: Let all those that seek thee be foy - ful and glad, And let such as

f

ADAGIO.

love thy sal - va - tion, say al - ways, The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised.

ADAGIO.

love thy sal - va - tion, say al - ways, The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised, The Lord be praised.

NOW THE DAY IS CLOSED.

Words by KURNER. J. H. RHEEM.

1. Good.... night! Good.... night! To each weary, toil worn wight, Now the day so sweetly closes,
2. Home to rest! Home to rest! Close the eye and calm the breast: Stillness through the streets is stealing,
3. Sweet - ly sleep! Sweet - ly! sleep! Eden's breezes round ye sweep, O'er the peace-forsaken lover,
4. So good night! So good night! Slumber on till morning light! Slumber till another morrow,

pp

Every aching brow reposes Peacfully till morn - ing light, Good night, Good night.

And the watchman's hour is pealing, And the night calls soft - ly, "Haste! Home to rest, Home to rest."

Let the darling image hover, As he lies in trans - port deep, Sweet - ly sleep, Sweet - ly sleep.
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow, Fearless in the Fa - ther's sight, So good night, So good night.

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